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John Bull

Vol. XXXIV. No. 882. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1923. TWOPENCE.

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Jaeger's Grade
SWEET & MELLOW
DO NOT THROW AWAY THE TIN GET IT REFILLED
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ADDRESS .....

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J.B 25.8.23. Date.....

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We give below the names of a few of the hundreds who benefit this week under our Great Gift.

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UP TO £500.

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YNYSDDU, MON.—Mr. C. R. THOMAS, 18, Glen View Terrace.
ELY, CAMBS.—Miss B. MALL, 55, Cambridge Road.
BUCKLEY, Near CHESTER.—Mrs. T. JONES, 168, Mold Road.
LIVERPOOL.—Mr. W. RODGER, 26, Hobson Street, Smithdown Road.
PELAW-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. E. OWENS, 15, Gosforth Terrace.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. G. WATSON, 209, Watery Lane, Small Heath.

Look out for an important Announcement Next Week about JOHN BULL'S Great Free Home Insurance Gift.

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GLASGOW.—Mr. P. O'NEILL, 58, Hopehill Road.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mr. P. MCCABE, 17, Cross Street.
TREHARRIS, GLAM.—Mrs. EVANS, 22, Savannah Place.
ILFORD, ESSEX.—Mr. R. MEDLOCK, 5, Khartoum Terrace, Green Lane.
EDINBURGH.—Mr. E. HASTINGS, 4, Infirmary Street.
HULL.—Mrs. S. E. BROWN, 5, Kingston Terrace, Tomlinson Street.
BO'NESS.—Mrs. A. TURNBULL, 6, Links Place, Grangepans.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. E. SAUL, 86, Upper Highgate Street.
BRADSTOCK, Near BRIDPORT.—Mrs. H. A. Northover, 49, Church Street, Burton.
HAKIN, MILFORD HAVEN.—Mr. E. M. PACKHAM, 66, St. Anne's Road.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. G. FAULKNER, 184, Guildford Street, Aston.
RICKMANSWORTH.—Mr. A. WELLS, 2, Parsonage Road.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. A. TURNER, 23, Jubilee Road, Darnall

Fire Benefit—*cont.*

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BUCKHAVEN, FIFE.—Mrs. A. WALKER, 44, West High Street.
SOUTH NORWOOD, S.E.—Mrs. SIMMONDS, 131, Clifton Road.
PONTESFORD, SALOP.—Mr. W. H. SOWERY, 11, Pealy.
HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING, CO. DURHAM.—Mr. H. TURTON, 76, Sunderland Street.
DUNDEE.—Mrs. J. BEATON, 4, James Street.
LLANHARRAN, GLAM.—Mrs. NORTH, 24 Robert Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. K. A. DAVIS, 106, Brown Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. A. H. BROWN, 246, 86, Marks Street, Ladywood.
PONKEY Near WREXHAM.—Mrs. J. GRIFFITHS, 22, Australia Lane.
SUNDERLAND.—Mr. J. MILBURN, 15, Normanby Street.

STORM up to £300.

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SHEFFIELD.—Mr. P. FAGAN, 6, Spring Street, Nonnation Springs, Woodhouse.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. T. A. CLARKE, 17, Grove Square, Hillfoot.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. ED. ANDREWS, 76, Lyons Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. A. V. THOMPSON, 201, Petre Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. G. HILL, 92, Spring Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. F. GILL, 13, Southern Street, Carbrook.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. J. M. CRAWSER (Senr.), 7, Court, 2 House, Spring Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. W. E. BENNEY, 29, Shaftold Road, Woodhouse.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. G. W. DODDS, Court 2, House 1, Water Street.
INTAKE, SHEFFIELD.—Mr. M. BOTTOMLEY, 8, Croft Road, Hollinsend.

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WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.—Mr. and Mrs. D. Thompson, 29, Upton Road.
NORTH WALSHAM.—Mrs. D. M. BUCK, near Council School.
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PENTLOTTYN, GLAM.—Mrs. M. HAYES, 1, Picton Street.
ST. HELENS.—Mrs. E. RAMSDEN, 18, Johnson Street, off Park Road.
CARMARTHEN, S. WALES.—Mrs. A. MARSH, 2, Richmond Cottages, Richmond Terrace.
KIDDERMINSTER.—Mr. H. G. POWELL, 106, Hurcott Road.
CAMBERWELL, S.E.—Mr. G. H. OWEN, 54, C. Lewis Buildings.
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ASHBOURNE, DERBYSHIRE.—Mrs. H. ALLCOCK, Lancaster, Barwick.
WARSOP, NOTTS.—Mrs. E. A. DOBBS, 4, Forest Road.
TYLORSTOWN, GLAM.—Mr. and Mrs. A. CARPENTER, 21, Perry Street.
LYE GREEN, near CHESHAM, BUCKS.—Mr. W. H. HEWITT.
STALKHAM, NORFOLK.—Mrs. A. E. KENNEDY, The Fire, Landbeach.
DUDLEY.—Mrs. M. ROBERTS, 6, Court, 2 House, Birmingham Street.
WEST KENSINGTON, W.14.—Mr. J. E. GREEN, 74, Netherwood Road.
THURLTON, near NORWICH.—Mrs. E. E. LENHAM, Hockey Road.
LONGHOUGHTON, LEIGHBURY.—Mr. G. FOREMAN, North End.
GOLDTHORPE, YORKS.—Mr. A. CHAMBERS 24, Albert Road.
EDINBURGH.—Mr. L. HARLOW, 7, Miller Court, Lawnmarket.

Home Accidents £3 per week.

DEVENPORT.—Mr. R. H. BAKER, 19, Market Square.
ARDROSSAN, AYRSHIRE.—Mrs. ANN MOIR, 169, Kilmahew Street.
SUNDERLAND.—Mrs. MCLAREN, 80, Norman Street.
ABERBARGOED, MON.—Mrs. WILLIAMS, 24, Perrym Street.
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RHOS, near WREXHAM.—Mrs. R. LLOYD, 101, Bank Street.

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INVERNESS, SCOTLAND.—Mr. J. SPEARS, 5, Friars Street.
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GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. A. KENNEDY, 52, Lichfield Street.
MANCHESTER.—Mr. S. MARSHALL, 51, Moss Lane, Whitefield.
BARRY DOCKS.—Mr. T. SULLIVAN, 16, Holme Street, Cadoxton.
HULL.—Mrs. G. D. CAVILL, 9, Andrew Marvel Terrace, Wassand Street.
PUDSEY.—Mrs. B. WINN, 2, Blackburn Fold, Gate Side.
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CUT HERE

J.B., 25.8.23.

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To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

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(IN CAPITAL LETTERS).

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

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Date ....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

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Weight only 25 oz
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Rainproof Coat

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TENNIS SHIRT

with collar attached. Breast pocket. Guaranteed to wash and wear well. London's Best Value.

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All Sizes.
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Also pants same price, 4/11, outsizes 6d. extra.
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FEATHERWEIGHT MAC with Belt.

CURZON'S PRICE

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State height and give chest measure over waistcoat.

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Also in neat stripe Worsted designs. Same Price.

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JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9266
Telegrams: Hebdomally, London

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Hot France.

Poincaré is just beginning to realise that he does not represent France in his obstinate attitude towards Britain. Watch his masterly efforts at a climb-down from now onward.

No Change.

The new German Government has signalised its entry into power by stopping payment of reparations to all the Allies; and even M. Poincaré is helpless before it. The whole question needs reconsidering from the very beginning.

A Same Voice.

General Smuts says that the world is going under. The only way to save civilisation in Europe, says he, is for the world to stand by Britain's lead and check the mad rush to destruction.

His Game.

It is the case that Stinnes & Co. are at the bottom of attempts to arrive at a working agreement between British and German aeroplane builders and flying companies with a view to united competition with France. The game ought to be stopped in time.

A Smashing Indictment.

Sir Auckland Geddes' report on Ellis Island is enough to make every decent American blush. We hope they will have the common decency to take his words to heart and effect a speedy improvement.

The Economy Victims.

When Parliament reassembles someone must make it his business to see that the pensions scandal is thoroughly ventilated. In spite of pledges and promises men who are working are having their pensions docked, and thousands have their allowances scandalously cut down.

Wake Up.

One of the first moves of the Government on coming into office was to appoint a Cabinet Committee to examine possible solutions of the Unemployment problem. That Committee has not yet met. Somebody is in need of waking up.

Amazing Apathy.

The measure of the Government's grasp of the seriousness of the unemployed problem may be seen from the fact that the special committee of the Cabinet set up to deal with it has not had a single meeting! Tranquillity—O blessed word!

The Next Chancellor.

There should be no time lost in choosing a new Chancellor of the Exchequer. Since Mr. M'Kenna finds that he cannot accept office, this important post could be filled by Sir Wm. Joynson-Hicks, who has shown great promise since his elevation to the Cabinet.

Waste or Work.

Unremunerative expenditure on unemployment benefit is costing a million a week. Paid in wages for useful work, the same amount would go far towards lessening the peril of the winter.

Work for All.

At least half a million men and probably more could be employed this winter if the Government tackled the problem of our disgraceful roads in earnest. Renovation of old roads and the creation of new ones are urgently needed.

The Real Problem.

There are nearly a million youths who have never worked at all because, since they left school, there have been no jobs for them. These are the unemployed who, unless the problem is solved, will soon become unemployable.

Tighten Up!

It is disgraceful that criminal aliens should be drawing the dole while two million British are unemployed. The restrictions governing alien immigration badly need overhauling.

Britain for the British.

It is equally criminal that 130,000 aliens should have been allowed to land in this country during the last six months, while thousands of our own *skilled* workmen are driven to emigrate through lack of employment.

A Better Way.

More than a hundred aliens are serving sentences in our jails for offences against women and children. Would it not be better to flog the brutes and kick them out of the country?

Get it Over.

Ex-Inspector Syme has in the last eighteen months cost the country £2,370. The inquiry he asks for would cost nothing like this. For heaven's sake hold it and have done with him.

A Lame Excuse.

The police say they can do nothing with regard to the perils of "dazzle" headlights on motors. Then it is their duty to make strong representations to the right quarters to be given the necessary authority.

Protect the Public.

The appalling increase in road accidents makes it imperative that the indiscriminate issue of licences should cease. They should be granted only after a sworn declaration of physical fitness and a driving test.

Make it Effective.

The building "rings" are still holding up the production of new houses; the only way to deal with them is to make them produce their ledgers and accounts. Then we shall know the truth.

Mr. Chamberlain Please Note.

In Manchester 600 houses are to be built, and in three days 5,000 families applied for them. This should impress the Ministry of Health with some idea of the real gravity of the house hunger.

Not Creditable.

Men claiming to be British war heroes badly treated by the Government are publicly touting for alms in the United States. If their claim is good the Government is to blame. If bad, the Government is still to blame for not exposing them.

Guilty or Innocent?

An explanation is needed from the Home Secretary on the Mason reprieve. If he is guilty why is he reprieved? If he is innocent why is he not pardoned? The question of reprieves is becoming a public scandal that needs ventilation.

Keeping a Secret.

You can take it from us that the Home Secretary had a reason for stopping the execution of Mason; but you can also take it that under no circumstances will the reason be made public. There is reason and precedent for the silence.

A Hint.

This much we can say about the unfortunate business: The reason is not unconnected with an initial mistake made by the police in their eagerness to secure evidence against someone.

Give Trade a Chance.

The plea of the Rev. Tom Sykes for an industrial truce, and the establishment of an Industrial Parliament is sound. What is good for international affairs is equally good at home.

Long Overdue.

There is less and less land under the plough. All over the country agricultural activity is declining. Where is that report on retail prices promised by the Minister of Agriculture at the General Election?

Who Gets It!

While the wholesale prices of food have fallen, the retail prices show a steady tendency to rise. Whoever gets the advantage of the fall it is not the consumer.

Wicked Waste.

Thousands are starving, yet trawler owners are sending tons of fish to be made into pig food rather than sell cheaply for human consumption. Such actions should in these days be made criminal offences.

An Intrigue.

Who is the highly placed friend of "Little Willie" who is hard at work to obtain permission for him to enter this country? He confesses there is such a personage and believes he will succeed.

Other People's Money.

Surely it is time it was made clear that local authorities are exceeding their powers in subsidising strikers from the rates? The Ministry of Health possesses the necessary powers to check this abuse. Let them be used.

The Only Way.

It is no good magistrates tinkering with the menace of the drunken motorist. Such irresponsibles should be deprived of their licences for ever.

The Impudence of It.

Many milk salesmen are advising their customers to purchase only certified milk from them. The answer to which is that they have no business to be selling any other kind.

The Next World.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wants the Church to have power to license mediums. What we want is to see the police suppress the charlatans who take a mean advantage of simple-minded folk.

Disgraceful.

Can nothing be done to stop the disgraceful traffic in "Made in Germany" souvenirs of men who died in captivity there. There is a special organisation which manufactures the articles and sells them to distressed relatives over here.

The Price of Glory.

In the window of H. W. Ford's pawnbroker's shop, in Ball's Pond Road, London, N., are a score or more of Victory Medals with a card "We Won It!" These tokens of valour are priced at ninepence each. We wonder how much the poor devils who pawned them received as the price of their faded glory.

Home Again!

We rejoice to know that through the instrumentality of JOHN BULL, Jeanie Melvin has been released from the clutches of the Chinese Magician, Ching Wu, and is once more safe and sound at home. Many readers have written offering to find her a home, but having been able to restore her to mother's arms, our task is accomplished The rest of our business is with Ching Wu.

A Widow with Ten.

A poor widow at Rhyl, the mother of ten children, is the tenant of a woman who lives in London. Because she was a few pounds in arrears with her rent, Judge Caradoc Rees was asked to make an order which would mean turning the fatherless family into the street. His comment was that he wished owners would have a little more sympathy with tenants. A very wise judge.

A Stout Proposition.

It is interesting to know that the manufacturers of Guinness have announced a final dividend of 8 per cent. and a bonus of 10 per cent., which means that the shareholders have this year received 14 per cent., and a bonus of 10 per cent., while £594,197 has been carried forward. Bass & Co. has also declared 11 per cent. tax free. And yet Guinness and Bass are still 8d. a glass!

Protect the Public!

Another drunken road-dog who should have been introduced to the interior of a jail was Edward Hammond, of Brunswick Street, Walthamstow, who ran into a party of holiday-makers in Kentish Town, injuring five. This maimer of the public was let off with the payment of £10 6s. in fines and costs by the Marylebone magistrate. No wonder the toll of the roads is increasing.

Greedy Doctors.

The reason panel patients are often shamefully neglected is that many doctors are so greedy that they bite off more than they can chew. We hear of a doctor in a Midland city who is medical officer for the local police, postal, telegraph and telephone services, as well as several sick clubs, is Government arbitrator or referee, and has a large private practice in addition to a huge panel. And panel patients being the least profitable, receive the least consideration.

The Way of a Woman.

It seems hard to believe that such monsters as Henry Tuke, of Manchester Street, London, exist in the form of man. This ogre sent his young wife, Nellie, out on the streets to earn money by a life of shame, and started a boarding-house on the proceeds. Furthermore, he added physical to moral violence by thrashing her; yet when the Clerkenwell magistrate sentenced him to four months' imprisonment for his brutality, his wife fainted in court. Truly, women are beyond comprehension.

Golden Silence.

W. Neville, of 43, Dover Street, London, W., calls himself a "Turf Commissioner," but his chief activities appear to be those of a touting tipster. His latest circulars refer to the short odds at which a horse which he is supposed to have tipped won, and he lays great stress on the importance of maintaining absolute secrecy regarding the information which he is willing to supply for 10s. Several readers will have no difficulty in keeping silence, for since sending Neville their "little Fishers," they have heard nothing whatever from him.

Judicial Prejudice.

Charles Parker protested against being tried by Ald. E. E. Phillips at Bath, and that worthy withdrew from the Bench, exclaiming, "I hope they (the Bench) will serve you worse than I should." Such a man is not fit to sit in judgment on others.

Where the Flies Go.

A regulation that is more honoured in the breach than in the observance stipulates that meat that is exposed for sale should be covered with muslin. This ought to be more rigidly enforced, and should also be made to apply to fried fish. The clouds of blue-bottles that cluster around some fish shops constitute a positive danger.

Drink before Child.

Though Thomas Chamberlain and his wife, Maud, may have been happy in a pig-sty, that is no excuse for criminally neglecting their five-year-old child, Ruby, so that she became in a deplorable physical state. Drink was more evidently important to Mrs. Chamberlain than her daughter. The West London magistrate did right in sending the unsavoury couple to jail for ten weeks.

A True Little Heroine.

We bow our heads to the memory of little Ada Berridge, aged eleven, of Stow Road, Shepherd's Bush. Ada was carrying her two-year-old sister across the road, when a motor-car dashed down on them. Realising that she had no chance of escape herself, Ada's last thoughts were for her baby sister, whom she threw to safety on a street refuge, as the car struck and killed her. It is a thousand pities that such a plucky young heart has been stilled for ever.

Moral Lepers.

Who is the heartless blackguard who shamefully deceived and betrayed the Gorton waitress, Ada Eyre? An ex-schoolmaster of Manchester, he is described, and married, though he posed as single! He broke her heart and destroyed her faith, and, in her agony when her babe was born and she knew, she drowned herself. Had the despicable coward not fled he would have been made to look into the dead, haunting eyes of one whose reward for love is the grave. The world must know its moral lepers that other women may be saved.

Riverside Cowards

At an inquest on Claude Smithers, a lad who was drowned in the river at Hampton Court, it was stated that a crowd watched the frantic struggles of his eleven-year-old brother to save him without making any attempt to help. Well might the coroner remark, "I don't think much of the sporting crowd on the bank. There must have been many there who could swim." It is terrible to think that in England now there are cowardly loafers who can look on the death throes of a child as a sort of free entertainment.

The Photo Enlargement Ramp.

In spite of many exposures, the photo enlargement ramp still appears to be profitable. As far away as Storminster Newton, in Dorsetshire, an agent of the Clapton Reproduction Co. (E. Griffiths), 30, Leslie Road, Clapton, London, E. 5, has been endeavouring to persuade relatives of fallen heroes to have their photos enlarged, representing that the work is done under Government auspices to provide employment for disabled men. It is merely a dodge to sell trashy frames at extravagant prices, and readers should be warned against these touts.

HOLIDAY BENEFITS.

Don't forget to purchase your JOHN BULL whilst away on holidays. You are just as liable to meet with accident or sickness then, and besides, JOHN BULL covers any material damage to luggage to the value of £20. You can receive these benefits whether you stay at an hotel, boarding-house or apartment. Registered readers will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away.

How to Do It.

The Bill to permit the sale of tobacco after 8 p.m. is not supported by the Government. Every Parliamentary candidate should, in future, be required to pledge himself to the full restoration of our pre-war liberties.

A Cripple Hero.

A little Newport boy, Jackie Liles, fell into deep water whilst playing on the Lighthouse Beach. When he had gone down for the second time, a badly crippled man dived in and brought him to the shore. After seeing that the lad was all right, the rescuer made off quietly through the crowd. It is believed that he came from Abersychan, and if it is possible to trace him, we sincerely hope he will receive some recognition of his heroic deed.

Penitence and Mercy.

Succumbing to temptation, Thomas Houston broke into a Richmond shop and stole four silver cups. Then Thomas' conscience got to work, and he returned the cups to the police. Even that did not satisfy his inner menter, so he made a clean breast of the matter. In binding him over, instead of putting the prison taint on him, the Surrey Quarter Sessions Bench showed the right spirit, as it is humane to respect repentance whenever possible.

Tied to a Brute.

What sort of justice is there in the law when a woman, brutally ill-treated as Harriet Smith was by her husband, William B. Smith, at Southport, cannot obtain an order against the father of her children and the man who has forgotten his marriage vows, unless she actually leaves her home? Mrs. Smith had to do this, and, because she had no other, to go into the workhouse. This is a matter to which our law-makers must give attention.

Michaels and the Mark.

That astonishing adventurer, Henry Michaels, is still at his old game of trying to foist German marks on trustful people in this country, but even he appears to be unable to keep pace with the rapid deterioration of German currency, for only last week readers received from him an intimation that he had purchased on their behalf one million marks for £2 sterling! It is hardly necessary to repeat that Michaels is a swindler who should be avoided like the plague.

When Doctors Disagree.

A Pensions Ministry doctor certified that John Muddiman, a Doncaster ex-soldier, was free from malaria, and no longer entitled to a pension. Then Muddiman lost his job at a local colliery because the doctor there declared he was suffering from malaria, and unfit to work underground. So he tramped the country in a vain search for work, and was eventually found sleeping out by the Grimsby police. Thus do heroes suffer when doctors disagree. What are the Pensions Ministry going to do about it?

Weak-kneed Magistrates.

When will magistrates realise that drunken road-hogs are as big a public danger as lunatics with loaded six-shooters? For instance, Archibald Wilson, of Barrington Road, Brixton, was so drunk while driving his car through Peckham in the small hours, that he ran into a rope bearing five red lights, stretched across some road which was "up." Yet the Lambeth magistrate merely fined him £2 with £1 5s. 6d. costs. What a farce!

A Bond Street Bond.

H. W. Howard, of Old Bond Street, is the person *not* to go to if you want a money loan on easy terms. Advertising that he grants loans at interest "considerably lower than that exacted by the present-day money-lender," Howard offered to advance to a man who asked £200 for six months, the sum of £150 on a promissory note for £200 payable by four equal monthly instalments of £50. The interest in this case works out at 200 per cent. per annum! We cannot wonder that the applicant declined the offer and went to his solicitors, from whom he easily got the desired loan at 5½ per cent.

Fiscal Finance.

Beware of sending presents to Canada. A little box of bricks, costing 3s., was recently sent to Canada, and the sender was made to pay 3s. to cover Canadian duty. Later the Canadian Government demanded a further 3s. 8d. Thus did the three-bob box cost 9s. 8d.

Throwing Away Food.

Sixteen tons of excellent fish was unsold at Fleetwood because it did not reach the fixed price of 5s. per 10-stone box. Merchants would have paid 2s. 6d. for it, but no more, so a large amount of good food is lost to the public, owing to an absurd set of regulations. Ten stones of fish for 5s. would not have been sniffed at by the unemployed.

Courage and Flight.

Though he had pluck enough to plunge into the Thames at Eton and rescue the four-year-old son of Mr. Barker, of Queen's Road, Windsor, an unknown young man had not the courage to face the thanks of the grateful mother. He quietly slipped away into the crowd after landing the boy. The old spirit which felt more at home charging up to the guns of an enemy battery than replying to a vote of thanks is still alive amongst us.

Fining a Foster Mother.

Though Priscilla Worsley, of Beeston, was well paid for acting as a foster mother, she so cruelly ill-treated an unwanted child committed to her care, that the N.S.P.C.C. were compelled to prosecute. In spite of shocking evidence regarding the mite's terrible condition, the Nottinghamshire magistrates merely fined her four guineas and allowed her time to pay. We should like to see the people responsible for entrusting children to such creatures placed in the dock with them.

The Dental Diddle.

A reader who applied to his approved society for dental treatment under the National Insurance scheme was refused on the ground that he had not paid contributions without a break since 31st December, 1918. As a matter of fact, he paid without a break for nine years, and went abroad for a short period resuming his contributions when he returned in 1921, and paying continuously ever since. That a man should be debarred from benefit by such hairsplitting is the sort of thing that brings the Ministry of Health into contempt.

Broken on the Land.

A Cambridgeshire correspondent sends us a Spitalfields Market merchant's sale note showing that 120 bags of potatoes were sold for £10 5s Against this is set £5 19s. 8d. freight and cartage, and £3 commission (!), leaving a balance of £1 5s. 4d. for the hapless grower. The poor man's land costs him £3 10s. an acre, and by the time he has paid for seed, manure, labour, and cartage to the railway, the amount he receives for his crop will pay his fare to the nearest workhouse. Yet the cry continues, "Back to the land!"

The Guardians' Way.

An ex-Service man with a large family who is unfortunately partly dependent upon the Bexley Heath Guardians for sustenance, recently received an invitation to attend a meeting of these worthies, and with high hopes duly presented himself. To his astonishment he was plied with questions regarding an anonymous communication which they had received, and though they accepted his denials of the charges made, they reduced the amount of his relief pending investigation. Apparently they act on the principle of hanging a man first and establishing his guilt afterwards.

"Girls" of the Gold Coast.

The latest trick of the shameless Gold Coast cadgers is to pose as girls. A reader forwards us a letter purporting to be written by "Margaret Samful," 136, Alexander Road, Winnebah, which was sent to her fifteen-year-old daughter, asking for "handwatch, fountain pen, your photo, and chocolates," in return for which "nut cake, tiger nuts, feathers, and bird-eggs" are promised. A reply to such a letter often results in a visit from some foul black beast seeking a white victim for his lustful desires, and parents should warn their children against answering them.

Pensioners in the Poorhouse.

At a recent meeting of the Aberdeen War Pensions Committee, it was reported that there were ten pensioners in Oldmill Poorhouse, and eight pensioners, nine ex-pensioners, and twenty-three ex-Service patients in Kingslet Mental Hospital. Such facts as these are, of course, not published on the flamboyant posters issued for recruiting purposes.

Methylated Maniacs.

Methylated spirits drinking having caused lunacy and death at Rothesay, the Scottish Convention of Burghs is to be approached with a view to obtaining statutory powers to control the sale of the poison. Prevention being better than cure, Scotland's wise lead is one Lancashire and Yorkshire should not hesitate to follow.

Washed with Milk!

One of the principal medical officers of the L.C.C. recently visited a small rural farm. He asked a farm-hand whether he ever washed his hands before milking, and was astounded at the reply. "Lor' bless you no! They're as clean as can be, after I've done milking." Not only must milk be placed in clean cans, but every other possible source of contamination must be removed. The health of the nation demands it.

Lottery Gush.

Readers should have nothing to do with the Danish lottery, whose touts are now loudly proclaiming that there are only 50,000 tickets, but 21,175 prizes, "almost every second ticket drawing a prize." These tickets are offered at thirty shillings each, but there are five different drawings of the 50,000 tickets, the holders having to pay a fresh subscription of thirty shillings for each. As the majority of the prizes are paltry sums, the lottery is unpopular even in Denmark, and the promoters hope to keep it going by selling tickets here. 'Ware, readers!

THE STING OF TROUBLE.

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A MAN I once knew kept over his study door the motto: "This too shall pass away." It operated to steady and tranquillise him when things were going wrong.

Abraham Lincoln, we are told, had a similar reminder so placed as to be constantly under his eyes in times of special anxiety and stress. No doubt it assisted his calm and well-balanced nature to preserve its equilibrium.

For there is nothing truer than the observation that the one certain thing in life is that everything comes to an end.

If we could keep this vividly before our minds in times of trouble it would help us in bearing our burdens and getting our proportions right.

It is the seeming interminableness of a sorrow that is its worst feature. Realise that no sorrow is interminable and you have already gone some way towards healing that which afflicts you.

The root of bitterness in every misfortune is the deceptive feeling that it will always be there. Pluck out that root and see how different the experience instantly becomes.

We ought to know perfectly well that no situation ever endures, but if in a dark hour we allow feeling to master reason in telling us the opposite we intensify our sufferings.

A calamity has power to hurt in proportion as we allow imagination to invest it with perpetuity.

The assurance, fully appropriated, that it will only last its little day is the dawn of deliverance from its power.

Not even the worst of heart-breaking tragedies is as hopeless as it seems.

Its victim may be irritated by being told so and refuse to take comfort from the assertion, but time always brings the light. Were it otherwise life would be a tomb instead of a temple.

Another Muddled Law.

Now that the betting laws are receiving attention, those relating to fortune-telling should be revised. They are equally silly and result in poor people being fined while wealthy 'seers' who function at bazaars and fetes are left alone.

Good News Coming!

In connection with our Free Insurance Gift we shall make an announcement in our next issue which should be extremely welcome to our readers. Important changes and substantial increases have been decided upon, and the new features are calculated to make JOHN BULL's great Gift more beneficial than ever. Keep your eye on us!

£5 Worth of Torture.

For a £5 note a reckless, drunken brute, with no thought for his own life or that of the poor horse he drives, can have great sport in the streets of Aberdeen. It was all it cost David Anderson, the general dealer, who tortured his horse, beating it unmercifully and jagging its mouth, imperilled the lives of others, and escaped, as by a miracle, with his own. Leniency is sometimes misplaced, as in the case of Anderson.

Another Railway Ramp.

Our warning to Season Ticket Holders last week has already borne fruit. The ticket holders of Gravesend have formed a protection organisation to fight against the increase in season ticket rates against which our warning was directed. If similar organisations are formed, pressure can be brought to bear on the railway rates tribunal so that no unnecessary increases are made.

The Cider Sea.

Many parents in Radnor send their children to school with a good lunch, including a bottle of cider, which is the common beverage for everyone, young and old, in the district. The Education Authority are evidently smitten with the prohibition fever, for they have forbidden the children to drink the cider. What nonsense it is! We would much rather trust the judgment of the parents.

The Way of Bureaucracy.

Three hundred ex-officer clients of the appointments branch of the Ministry of Labour, in the North-Western District, have been advised that if they can find £150, they may, possibly, be granted assistance, in the shape of a loan, to enable them to emigrate. In appreciation of services rendered, a grateful government in this way proposes to clear out men it will not need until the next war.

Pampered Police Pensioners.

Bearing in mind our frequent comments on the preference shown to pensioned police officers in awarding public appointments, it is interesting to note the admissions made at a recent meeting of the L.C.C. that one such man in the Council's employ had 62s. a week pension and £165 a year wages; another £5 a week pension and £4 a week wages; and a third £6 a week pension and £7 7s. a week wages. Verily, to him that hath shall be given!

Brandy Boches.

British Courts of Justice not being waste-paper factories, three German brandy smugglers, caught red-handed at Glasgow, were not permitted to pay their fines with tens of millions of marks. Smuggling by crews of German ships is a profitable business, and the police need to be alive to the fact that other things than brandy are being illicitly brought into the country. Disgusting postcards especially should receive attention, as well as immoral books printed in English.

Where Ministries Differ.

We are receiving many complaints regarding the "spare-time" treatment prescribed for many ex-Service men by the Ministry of Pensions. Under this system, a man has to attend hospital, sometimes every day, but receives no treatment allowances, and if he signs on at a Labour Exchange he is liable to be struck off the books owing to the Ministry of Labour's ruling that a man in receipt of unemployment pay must be in a fit condition to accept the first job that offers. What monstrous injustices are committed in the name of economy!

Money for Nothing

THERE is an unscrupulous rogue touring the country robbing poor people right and left by an ingenious system of fraud who, for the protection of the public as well as for his own richly deserved punishment, should have been placed under lock and key long ago.

His real name appears to be E. F. Gordon, but he uses such a number and variety of aliases that he will probably be more easily recognised by a description of his invariable methods than by any name which he may choose to assume. Up till now he has made frequent use of the names Benson, Gordon, Kemp, Lester, Roote, Thompson, Turner and Wilson, but there are plenty more in the directory from which he appears to annex any one at random, and it would not occasion us any surprise if we found him masquerading under some aristocratic patronymic such as Plantagenet or Fitzmontmorency, such is his cheek.

This mountebank is a very clever salesman, and might well be earning a comfortable living if he had not chosen to turn his talents to fraud.

Some time ago he was employed by The British and Colonial Industries Association, Limited, of 317, High Holborn, London, W.C., but after a while he disappeared. For a time the firm was without news of him. Then they began to receive complaints of non-delivery of goods ordered and paid for which they have found very difficult to explain.

It appears that when this rascal left their employ he took with him a large quantity of their printed matter, and with the aid of this he has been representing himself as a traveller for the concern, soliciting orders and accepting payment for their goods.

For a time he was daring enough to call on tradesmen, but it no doubt occurred to him that one of their *bona-fide* travellers might happen to be in the town at the same time, and his fraud would be discovered, and latterly he has generally confined himself to calling upon housewives.

The concern deals in a number of household requisites which are in fairly general domestic use, and this rogue has made a speciality of patent mop and floor polishers. Sometimes he receives deposits of a few shillings with orders, at others the whole of the purchase price, giving receipts on printed forms. The unfortunate housewives only discover the fraud when they write to The British and Colonial Industries Association, Limited, inquiring the reason for non-delivery.

Though he specialises in mops, he will offer to sell anything a housewife may require.

He has lately visited Bristol, Manchester, and Malvern, and housewives in other towns should beware of him.

The police in various parts of the country have received complaints about this person's activities, but have allowed him to slip through their fingers.

Cannot Scotland Yard mop him up?

The Home of Stricken Souls

THE hidden sorrow that lies behind the lives of people who are outwardly no different from their neighbours has always been the subject of the poet and the playwright. Have even the great masters of Greek tragedy ever dealt with a story more awful or more moving than that which we unfold here?

THERE is to-day a poor woman, living in one of the suburbs of London, who is courageously carrying a load of anguish and suffering that would seem must break the spirit even of the bravest. And she has carried this load for years, struggling on always against a dark cloud that would never roll away.

Some time before the war, her little daughter, then between twelve and thirteen years of age, was victimised in the most dreadful way by one of the most loathsome creatures that ever disgraced the name of manhood. This man was a Hun, a German medical student enjoying the hospitality of this country where he was pursuing his studies.

He followed this little girl to a picnic, led her away from her companions, and, after giving her doped chocolates to eat, took advantage of her. The child was helpless in the foul grip of this Prussian monster. He ruined her, and fled the country to avoid the consequences of this criminal conduct.

The unhappy little girl went to Death's door but did not die. She had contracted the most dreadful form of disease that medical science knows of, and later she gave birth to a baby. Happily the child lived only a few weeks.

That was the cruel and wanton blow that struck this tiny suburban household just before the war. The agony and the shame of it struck down the father on a bed of illness. The mother struggled on.

The father was taken away to a mental home, a complete wreck. The human spirit can be so deeply wounded that it never recovers. The poor man is still in the mental institution, maintained there by the wife whose gallant spirit refused to break, and who has toiled on all these years to keep a home above her daughter's head.

She has had help. A kindly doctor has for years treated the stricken daughter free of charge. He, and the mother, have successfully conspired to keep from this poor girl the nature of the disease which she had contracted.

The girl has grown up a delicate creature, but with a real taste for music and singing, by which she hoped to earn her living, and to help the mother whose unsparing tenderness and care, whose wonderful and unflagging courage and devotion have pulled her through.

Now another blow has fallen. Even Greek tragedy, one would think, could add nothing by way of horror piled upon horror. The dread disease has attacked the daughter's throat, and shattered what remaining hope there was of a career, and even of an existence, for this ill-fated victim of tragic cruelty and remorseless fate.

Still the mother goes on fighting the double battle. In order to raise money to get an injection cure for her husband, that might restore him to her side, she went to a moneylender. She had no other resource. She was desperate. Her agonised prayers seemed to bring her no light, but only darkness visible.

She borrowed fifteen pounds. In the struggle to pay it back she fell ill, and further costs were incurred. For the fifteen pounds she borrowed she had to face a liability of thirty-five pounds.

She went to a second moneylender to borrow the money to pay the first. She believed that if she could only hold on she would save her home and bring her husband back there to her. Fate has been too relentless. She has failed in both these aims.

To-day she is confronted by the bailiffs who are to take from her the little furniture and effects that she has fought to retain with tireless patience and immense courage and with unbroken confidence, and in the ultimate benevolence of an all-wise Providence.

It seems to her that there is no end but the last despairing act of an unbalanced mind which takes its way out of all its troubles by the final submission of self-slaughter. But she knows that this would be a cowardly thing to do, that it would be to desert a helpless husband and a daughter whose life has been blasted by the foul and brutish cruelty of a loathsome Hun.

Will anyone come to the aid of this poor woman? For obvious reasons we have concealed her name, but we have investigated the story. It is true in substance and in fact.

We believe that there are mothers in this old land of ours, secure in the tender solicitude of affectionate husbands, rejoicing to watch their children growing up happily in all the soft luxuries of a sheltered home. We do not believe that they will shrink back appalled from this stricken woman who has nowhere to turn, no one to help her, and who is as surely a victim of the Hunnish spirit as much as those who suffered the worst atrocities that were recorded in the Great War.

A Counter Offensive

INGENUITY is a great gift, and sport is a great quality. We make this trite observation with reference to a firm called D. & H. Boyce and Sons, Sports Game Manufacturers and Inventors, of 9, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

A reader of JOHN BULL had some of their ingenuity tried upon him. They said it was a commercial proposition. He has come to the conclusion that it was rather in the nature of a sports game.

The way you play the game is this. You give Messrs. Boyce & Sons £25 in real money. In return for that you get quite a variety of things. You get a card-board sheet covered with little discs, containing the names of various well-known commercial products.

You get a bag full of elaborate articles of cheap jewellery. You also get the services of a man to go round with you for a day or two to show you what to do with the discs, etc. The game then begins.

First of all you catch an innocent-minded grocer off his guard. You confuse him by waving the discs before him, and you finish him off by juggling with the tie-pins and the fancy-fair rings, doping him, if he is obstreperous, with a metal bracelet like a small handcuff.

If he understands sports games he takes you on. He gives you 5s., spot cash, and you hand him over a supply of discs, and a consignment of crown jewels.

He gives away the discs to his customers, and if they come back again, and show that they have drawn a lucky number, the smiling grocer decorates them with a handcuff bracelet or a diamond pin or a razor made in Germany.

That is the game—a thoroughly jolly one for Messrs. Boyce & Sons, but not quite so jolly for the gentlemen who have paid £25.

It would be great sport if only the grocers were not so ignorant, and would combine to tumble over one another to get these dinky discs and donkey jewellery. The reader of JOHN BULL found his grocers a dismal lot of kill-joys.

So he went back to Messrs. Boyce & Sons and presented to them all their discs and treasures, and demanded his money back. He did not get it.

He got instead a reference to an agreement he had signed, when he had handed over the twenty-five pounds, by which he was to have a share in the "Blue Seal" business in his own district, the goodwill in that business for the same area, and also the right to draw £3 weekly from the amounts collected.

As the amount collected from his ground, owing to the obtuseness of the grocers of that locality, came to only a few shillings a week, he could not extract sovereigns from shillings.

But he has not got his money back. And he does not look like getting it. As we say, ingenuity is a great gift, and sport a great quality.

But the sport which leaves you short of £25, and cumbers you with things like imitation gold bracelets, is one of which you are entitled to complain as being far too one-sided.

Arrest "Eddie" Vivian!

THERE is more behind the reprieve of the convicted murderer, Mason, than the public are aware of Certain incidents have occurred which call for explanation on the part of the police. An unsatisfactory and even dangerous situation exists and must be remedied at once.

WHEN, at the end of last month, we told the story of the career of "Scottie" Munro, or Alexander Mason, who was then lying under sentence of death for the Brixton murder, we showed clearly that Mason was certainly sinned against as well as sinning; and that he was the tool and dupe of a gang of crooks who had led him into the dock on a capital charge.

The sequel is known to everybody. Mason is not to die. He has been reprieved. Equity has supplemented the law.

But clearly the matter cannot rest here. Up to the present Mr. Bridgeman has declined to make public the reasons why he has given back to Mason the life that was doomed to extinction

They must have been good reasons. They satisfied the Home Secretary that there was a real doubt whether Mason's was the hand which fired the shot that killed Dickey, the taxi driver.

Who, then, fired that fatal shot? What did Mason himself say?

. . .

When he was arrested he denied all knowledge of the crime. He said afterwards that he did so to shield Vivian, who was his friend. He thought, when he was taken to the station, that he was going to be asked questions about Vivian, who he supposed had been arrested for the crime. To help his pal he decided to say nothing.

Afterwards, he saw the same friend stand up in court, where he himself was charged with the murder. He heard this supposed friend swear his life away. Vivian said he was in bed at the time of the murder, and, in corroboration, called his paramour, Hetty Colquhoun.

Hetty Colquhoun's position was a terrible one. She corroborated the evidence of the man with whom she was living, and by doing so fastened the noose round Mason's neck. When she finished her evidence she fainted, and had to be carried from the court.

"Scottie" Mason, facing the gallows, on the evidence of the friend he stated he had tried to shield, went back on his first story and told another. He told what he said was the true story of the murder, and he swore that it was Vivian, not he, who shot Dickey.

. . .

It should have been easy to prove whether or not Vivian was there on the night of the crime. One credible witness, at least, Captain Carter, who was entirely disinterested, states that Dickey's last words were, "Keep back—they're armed!"

Who were *they*?

If Vivian were telling the truth there was only one assailant. It was Vivian's highest interest to suggest that there was only one assailant. The disinterested spectator, Captain Carter, implies that there were two.

Now, if Captain Carter is telling the truth, and there is not the slightest reason to suppose that he was not, more than one man was concerned in the murder of Dickey.

Here is where the police had their great opportunity. Here is where they completely missed it.

There were footprints in the gardens through which the assailant, or assailants, escaped. It was the obvious duty of the police to examine and measure these footprints. Had they done so the whole trial might have taken a different course.

But the boneheads amongst the police omitted this elementary precaution. We are, therefore, unable to tell who was lying, Mason or Vivian. On the scene of the murder were found a stick, a jemmy, a torch and a pair of gloves. They were admittedly the property of Vivian. But while Mason said nothing—to shield his friend—Vivian had the opportunity of explaining away the presence of these articles. He said that he had lent them to Mason at Mason's request.

. . .

"If," said Sir Richard Muir, who prosecuted for the Crown, "there is any truth in the statements of Vivian and Hetty Colquhoun, there can be no sort of doubt that Mason is the man who killed Jacob Dickey."

There is a doubt—at least in the Home Secretary's mind. Be that as it may, there is another test that must be applied to Vivian's evidence. He admitted in court that he was a professional burglar, and that he had been in jail for offences in connection with this trade. Further than that, in the light of publicity he has enjoyed since Mason was sentenced to death, he has entered the open door of the profession of journalism. He has contributed to a Sunday paper a series of articles on the subject of crime, on which he is being exploited as an expert.

Let us take some of his own admissions in these articles. He confessed that he got a friend of his, by the aid of forged references, a job as a hotel porter. With this man he conspired to steal luggage from the hotel. He drove up in a taxi, with a pocket full of labels bearing a bogus name and address.

With the aid of his porter confederate, he fixed the labels upon other people's luggage and drove away with the spoil. In this case he says that the taxi-driver knew nothing of this crime.

. . .

But in court he was asked if he knew what the driver of a "straight up" taxi was. His reply was: "I should say it means a man who doesn't care what he does with it."

"I should say" is good. It suggests that this was only a guess. But in the articles he has written for the Sunday journal already referred to he tells all about "straight up" taxi-drivers, declares that it is a common term in the underworld, and whoever is thus referred to is reckoned safe for criminals to work with.

This contrast in innocent hesitation and admitted knowledge, throws a further light on the value of the evidence which he gave in court and to the police, which kept him out of the dock and put Mason into it.

Let us take another of his admissions. He tells how he obtained possession of a cheque book belonging to a wealthy man. He filled in the cheque for a substantial sum, took it to the bank, and was paid without demur.

Emboldened by his success, he went back with another which he had forged for a still larger sum. It was just about closing time. He was told that the cheque could not be paid until the following morning. He said that his heart stood still. He expected to be arrested. But he continued in smiling conversation with the clerk, until he was respectfully bowed out. He was afraid to return the following day.

There are other cases where he has admitted he has committed crimes. The police may have been stupid in not taking the footprints at the time of the murder, but it is not too late to deal with Vivian as he should be dealt with for the burglaries to which he confessed.

In the article we wrote recently on Mason's career, the sequel to which has been his reprieve, we asked, "What of the crooks and rogues behind Mason—the men whose dupe and fool he was? Are they to be left free to plan other crimes and find other victims?"

. . .

We ask this question again to-day in view of the action taken by the Home Secretary, the reprieve being an admission that a doubt exists as to whether Mason was really the man who murdered Dickey.

Why is not Vivian arrested for the crimes of which he boasts, the crimes which he openly admits as having planned and committed?

It is true that he may turn round and say that these stories are all lies, plead that he wrote them for sensational papers and for a big fee, plead that he thought that this was the kind of thing the readers like, and that he proposed to give it to them in full and overflowing measure. He stated in court his theory of life—that when he was short of money he proceeded to go out and get it.

But there is another test.

Take the case of the forged cheques. The man whose name was forged must have reported the matter to the bank manager. Even if he did not, the bank manager must have known that the second cheque was presented and the proceeds not called for. It should be easy, in view of this admission, for the police to investigate these transactions.

. . .

Why should the scoffed-at authorities at Scotland Yard show special consideration for a man who writes articles in the Press in which he confesses his criminal habits, his association with burglars, and forgers, and jewel thieves, and dope traffikers, and "straight up" taxi-men?

Why should he be allowed to wear with impunity the halo which he has put round his own head, to swagger about the evil haunts of night life in the sleepless city, and to be pointed out as the famous example of a man who lives soft and flourishes on crime?

This is the question we are asking—Why is not Eddie Vivian arrested?

It is the question, we do not doubt, which is also being asked in the lonely silence of his prison cell by "Scottie" Mason, the man who says that it was Vivian, not he, who murdered Jacob Dickey.

Philanthropy for Fools

IT is amazing that anyone should find it profitable nowadays to carry on such a game as is being played by a man calling himself Ralph Kennedy, a touting tipster, who sends out circulars from St. Mary's Chambers, Strand, W.C.

A rare race of philanthropists appears to survive in the person of this individual, who styles himself "The Wonder Winner Finder."

He asks a mere trifle of five shillings for information about a horse which is regarded by owner, trainer, and jockey as a cast-iron certainty, but such is his anxiety to gain the confidence of the people whom he addresses, that he makes the following, "Marvellous and Unique Offer."

"If the horse loses I will actually, upon application, return to you a ten-shilling note to compensate you for your disappointment."

Hundreds, if not thousands, of the population of these islands, have sent him their five shillings.

"The Wonder Winner Finder" urged them to back with their maximum stake a certain horse, describing it as "the safest bet of your life." The horse lost, and with one accord they applied for their 10/- notes.

Kennedy replied to one and all, "I am sincerely sorry . . . I myself had the whole of my available bank on the horse, and must beg your consideration."

Instead of keeping his promise, he said, "I hope you will accept from me in lieu the name of a good winner."

To many who protested against such a flagrant violation of his undertaking he vouchsafed no answer but to repeat his "Marvellous and Unique Offer."

Gaming Act or no Gaming Act, this comes perilously close to obtaining money by false pretences, and it is time the police took a hand in the game and stopped it by playing "The Joker."

Making Fortunes in Bed

TO bask in the shade of your own orange grove while Kaffirs, toiling in the sultry sun, make your fortune for you—this is a dream of bliss indeed! Can it possibly come true? We wonder.

WHEN a man gets hold of a thoroughly good thing, and generously proposes to let somebody else have the benefit of it, he is obviously one of those good men who deserve a special tribute of praise and admiration.

Such a man is Mr. Myers, managing director of a concern called South African Prudential Limited. This generous fellow knows how you can acquire for yourself a permanent income of £500 per annum, and instead of keeping this valuable knowledge to himself, he is not only willing to give it to you, but he actually goes to the expense of advertising his marvellous plan so that you may not miss it.

And the plan is so charmingly simple. All you have to do is to pay him £125 a year for five years, and after that you are the owner of an orange orchard in South Africa, which brings you in the £500 a year.

You have no bother. If you don't want to go to South Africa, because it is a sultry place, you just stay at home in bed while Mr. Myers looks after your farm for you, packs the fruit for you in beautiful boxes made of capital Marola, sends them to Covent Garden for you, and posts to you the profits minus only a small deduction for the cost of management.

You have no trouble at all. If the absent-minded Kaffir puts on his war paint and proceeds to stalk your orange trees in the depth of the night, you need not worry. Mr. Myers will deal with him. It seems that the bellicose Kaffir eats out of his hand, toils for him like a slave of the galley, and only charges him a shilling a day and his food.

So there you are—everything in the garden lovely! As the pamphlet he issues says, if you desire to establish yourself "in charming surroundings, and engage in one of the few rarely attractive pursuits possible in this sober, workaday world," all you have got to do is to buy a citrus estate, and plant it with Washington Navels and Valentia Lates.

Then you sit down and rest in the sunshine and watch the naked negroes coaxing the oranges to grow.

Mr. Myers is an enthusiast. His pamphlets get you where you live, as the Americans say. When you read them you find it difficult to repress a steadily growing enthusiasm for oranges.

Listen to what he says about the orange. "It is the fruit of elegance and ostentation. It is never disreputable in its associations. It does not pander to base appetites or passions. Its very flower, an emblem of hope and happiness and prosperity, is concentrated in the adornment and decoration of the bride." And so, hurrah for the orange!

Sharing the enthusiasm of Mr. Myers is a gentleman called Mr. C. F. Heugh, who is described as a horticultural expert. He tells Mr. Myers that he knows no part of South Africa to compare with the Prudential Estate, except certain parts of the Uintenhage district, "where the finest oranges in the world are grown." Having paid this tribute to Uintenhage, he hastens to sooth Mr. Myers' feelings, Mr. Myers no doubt having paid him to write his pamphlet.

He says the Uintenhage oranges are the finest in the world. But they do not eclipse Mr. Myers' product, "which is quite as good and superior for shipping purposes." It is very nice to have a man to write a pamphlet for you, and tell you that your oranges are quite as good as the finest in the world, and also superior to them. It recalls what the Irishman said of America—that one man there was as good as another, and a damned sight better.

One hates to discourage Mr. Myers in his generous plan of practically giving away an estate out of which he could make such a great fortune for himself. But it is a depressing thing that Mr. Bishoff, of the office of the High Commissioner for South Africa, does not recommend people in this country to buy farms from Mr. Myers without having gone out first to inspect them. That, at least, is the information he gave to our Special Commissioner, in reply to an enquiry as to this Eldorado.

We have nothing against the South African climate. But it seems to us that in the district of Barberton, one of its most conspicuous products is hot air. In any case, we advise the people of this country to out-do Mr. Myers in generosity, and leave him the exclusive joy of developing his sunny and opulent territory for himself and his friends.

Latest German Coin Trick

AFTER exhaustive investigations extending over a period of three months, the French Secret Service have unearthed one of the worst of the many swindles to the discredit of Germany; for they have established beyond doubt that one of the busiest industries in Germany to-day is that concerned with the manufacture of the counterfeit silver coins with which Europe is flooded.

It was found that much of the counterfeit silver in circulation in France could be traced to soldiers on leave from the occupied regions, and this led to inquiries which resulted in the discovery that the soldiers had obtained their "silver" in exchange for marks or French notes at German exchange offices in the occupied territory.

A sudden descent on a number of these bureaux of exchange was rewarded with the discovery of large quantities of counterfeit silver coins in French, Belgian and English currencies. The source of supply seemed to be the ordinary channels, and the organisers of the offices professed ignorance of the fraud that was being practised. But it was soon found that the head of the concern responsible for the setting up of these bureaux to accommodate Allied soldiers with silver of their respective countries was one Hans Warzburg, a notorious German dealer in counterfeit coin who had been released from prison during the war and had abandoned the manufacture of German silver coins in favour of the coinage of the Allies.

Warzburg was well known to the police in Germany, who kept him under supervision until they were satisfied that he was limiting his activity to manufacturing silver coins of the other countries. That this was his occupation was well known to the German police, who did not think it their business to stop him so long as he was content to exploit the foreigners.

Not a hint of what was going on was communicated to the authorities of the Allied armies in the occupied zones, an omission clearly proving the complicity of the German authorities in this diabolical plan to debase European silver coinage.

Extensive inquiries made by trusted men throughout Germany brought to light sensational facts for they showed that the Warzburg organisation had its factories everywhere, turning out perfect imitations of French, Belgian, Italian, English, and even Swiss silver coins.

Some of the factories were conducted under the guise of German silver manufactories of fancy goods for export; but the fancy goods were found to consist in the main of bad coins, which were sold in bulk to hundreds of men and women employed by the organisation to smuggle them across the frontiers into other countries.

The English counterfeit coins were sent to Switzerland and to Italy, and some to the South of France, being easy to dispose of there in bulk for exchange purposes because of the inability of the ordinary exchange clerks to detect the fraud.

Other supplies were disposed of among British sailors at different foreign ports, and there is also a well-organised traffic at many Continental railway stations, the agents of the Warzburg organisation offering small quantities of the silver in exchange for foreign notes to outgoing and incoming passengers.

The Pitiless Infirmary

EVERY mother will feel a pang of sorrow and indignation when she reads of the shameful treatment of Mrs. Stow, a woman of twenty-six and a mother of a child of three. Mrs. Stow lived in a little house in Langton Road, Brixton.

Her husband, like so many willing workers these hard days, was unemployed and on relief. Expecting the confinement of his wife he had made desperate efforts to find work in order to earn a little money for the event; but he was unlucky. Unable to afford medical aid, the poor husband and wife had to do the only possible thing—call upon the services of the local Infirmary.

In Lambeth Infirmary, then, Mrs. Stow gave birth to her child on July 22. She had only been admitted that same day, since these public institutions will not admit a prospective mother until the last moment—a dangerous method, in all conscience.

Well, Mrs. Stow, at any rate, got there in time. When the great event came off, she naturally called for her husband, but men are not permitted in the lying-in wards. The joyful, distracted husband was ready to wait and receive his wife and child from the Infirmary, when the woman suddenly had a turn for the worse.

The authorities must then have realised that their patient might die. Yet they did not inform the husband in time, so that he might go and take his farewell of her. Surely this is very inhuman.

It is bad enough that through the misfortunes of poverty, the proudest moment in the life of a married couple should have to take place in the Infirmary; but it is monstrous that when the mother is about to die her partner should not be given due warning, so that he might comfort her in her last agonies. It is a matter which should be investigated.

Sister Vickery, it seems, was only told to inform the relatives of the dying woman at 4.45 a.m. on the day of her death. The woman had then been ill for nearly two days. Even then there might have been just time for the unhappy out-of-work man to see his wife for the last time. But, through the blunder of some official, the message calling the husband to the woman's deathbed did not reach him for nearly three hours!

It appears that, after a long delay, the message was handed to a man named Hart, who is employed as a messenger. Hart, who was in bed, said he would see that the husband got the note. It did not reach Stow, however, until seven o'clock!

It is a fifteen minutes' bicycle run from the Lambeth Infirmary to the Stows' house in Langton Road. Hart, however, took close on two hours on the job. Small wonder then that the father of the woman who gave her life in giving a birth should have been prostrated with grief. Hurrying to the Infirmary Stow saw his wife—lying dead. What have the authorities to say about this heartless official muddle?

OUR BAD "MAD MOUCHERS"

Cold Comfort for the Winter

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

THE Ministry of Labour has been announcing that on August 1 the index figure of the cost of living, "including food, that of July, 1914, and for food alone 3 per cent. higher than it was in June of the present year. This isn't exactly what the little boy called "Ip-pip-ooray news."

Neither—with winter staring us in the face as it were—can we profess to be riotously enheartened by the circumstances that at the present moment there are pretty well 2,000,000 unemployed persons in Great Britain, and that the number tends to increase rather than to diminish.

It is not my purpose to tell you where the blame for such an obviously rosy state of affairs should be placed. One half of the pundits blame the French, and the other, and to my mind much shrewder half, blame somebody else. The question for you and me, and if it comes to that for Mr. Baldwin's Government, is not Whom shall we blame, but What are we going to do about it?

As regards the increase in the cost of living I shouldn't be a bit surprised if we do nothing. Nobody seems to be making speeches on the subject. The politicians are far too busy—with the Ruhr "separate action"—to give much thought to poor old Ma and her string bag.

I notice that the other day a gentleman described as "one of our greatest men of commerce," referred to the noble army of British unemployed and unemployable as "mad mouchers." He explained that "mad mouchers" is what they call themselves, and he added, "They are eating out their own hearts and eating the nation's heart too." He went on to say, "This mob will certainly increase during the coming winter. It may reach 3,000,000 or even 4,000,000.

The French, steeped to the lips, though they may be in political iniquity, have no "mad mouchers." The Germans, as nice, kindly benevolent and pacific a nation as ever graced this footstool—even if a bit rocky about the mark—have no "mad mouchers." Why has Britain a mob of 2,000,000 of them, and why doesn't she wade right in and demob them?

What these men require is work, yet work is exactly what they can't get. You will be pleased to hear that Mr. Baldwin's government is of opinion that "work should be provided." It is also of opinion "that every separate industry must endeavour, for its own and the public welfare, to bear its share in the provision."

Take the railway industry for example. It is suggested that the British railway companies are "sitting on" the £130,000,000 they received from the State by way of compensation after the war. It is suggested that this money should be brought into use for the electrification of certain lines of railway, and work thus provided for large numbers of men.

Well, in the opinion of good judges, not only the coming winter, but probably a few more will have passed over our curly heads before the railway companies begin even to dream about taking their comfortably invested bit of nest-egg, and dumping it into electrifications for the sheer sake of making work.

I should doubt if any other industry in the country possesses such reserves as the railway industry, unless it be the insurance industry—and clearly the electrification of insurance policies is well out of the ambit of practicality.

No. If Mr. Baldwin's government is to bring "each separate industry" to the aid of the workless eater-out of Britain's heart, invitation and "opinion" will have to go by the board, and short-sharp-nc-hank-about-it legislation take their places.

Are we prepared to make it illegal for British capital to be invested abroad? Are we prepared for investments at home to be subject at all times to the control, direction and disposal of the government? If so, then legislate. If not, we shall have to face the winter and the "mad mouchers" as best we may.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

Of John's possessing any pelf,
The chance seems very dim.
For all his debts he pays himself
While none are paid to him.

This deadly menace hangs to-day
Above the farmer's head,
It's not a cord that holds the sword
But just a slender thread.

Some day perhaps those clever chaps
Who're conquering the germ,
May find a plan by which they can
Assassinate the therm.

If our Alliance with the French
Should now be broken up,
What Fritz has willed will be fulfilled
And Baldwin's bought a pup.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

MORE than any other assembly the House of Commons has its institutions. One of them is Sir Frederick Banbury. His knowledge of procedure, precedent, and every comic formality that has grown up with the Mother of Parliaments since the time of Simon de Montfort, is literally unrivalled. In this respect even the Speaker is a child compared with him. In political life he knows everything that is not worth knowing. But his ignorance of essentials is considerable.

On the whole, the House is wonderfully tolerant of him. It accepts him as inevitable, it rather likes him socially, and it feels flattered by the tradition he represents. He is, so to speak, a Parliamentary Rock of Ages. The spirits of all the great commoners of the past seem to hover about his head. When he gets on his feet, the older members instinctively indulge in memories of bygone days, and the new members feel rather awkward.

IN his case precedent is merely another word for prejudice. If a thing was not allowed in the time of his ancestors, it should not be allowed now. Though he can't prevent the world from revolving, he does his utmost to prevent at least his corner of it from progressing.

Sir Fredk. Banbury, M.P.

A firm, unyielding stand must be taken somewhere against revolutionary opinions (which is his way of describing a reasonable request for better wages), and when in doubt his motto would always be: "Shoot them down!"

OF late his chivalrous feelings have been doubly outraged. Firstly, there was this ghastly business of women being elected to Parliament. That's bad enough in all conscience! But when, added to that, the club-like atmosphere of the House was polluted by the arrival of a rude and rowdy gang of roughs who call themselves the Labour Party—or, a thousand times worse, His Majesty's Opposition—it's really time for all decent folk to lodge a protest.

Sir Frederick Banbury spends the greater part of his time in lodging protests, and he thus becomes a convenient object for the cock-shies of the Labour Party. They simply can't resist it. His fierce, aristocratic face, martial air and scornful expression are incentives to democratic wrath. He resembles the historian, Gibbon, who was violently opposed to revolutionary upheavals for the very excellent reason that his manners alone would ensure for him a speedy visit to the guillotine!

OF all the Die-hards, Sir Frederick dies hardest. He is impervious to ridicule and impregnable as a rock. He stands for the Constitution as at present established, not from serious conviction, but because it is established. If His Majesty the King and all the Lords and all the Commons were to call on him in a bunch and explain that this particular Constitution could be improved upon, he would remain supremely unconvinced. He would probably flabbergast them by quoting the statutes of William and Mary, and finish them off with a verbatim recitation of Magna Charta!

To sum up, a very difficult man to deal with "on a point of order." And, politically speaking, I fear he's condemned to misery for the rest of his life.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., Prime Minister.

SIR,—Your coming into power was viewed by the country with hope and confidence, so it learns with disappointment and dismay that the measures taken to meet unemployment during the coming winter are hopelessly inadequate. Instead of digging deeply into the problem you have only scratched its surface. A fourth winter of dire distress among the workers is a calamity we simply dare not face. The situation is extremely grave, and effective schemes to meet it must be found. JOHN BULL.

To DAVID HOWARD LINDSAY, Esq., House Governor, Poplar Hospital.

SIR,—You seem to have a queer idea of your responsibilities. Joseph Hobson was brought to your hospital seriously hurt. By some amazing blunder, after his injuries had been dressed he was sent home, bleeding profusely and moaning in agony. He died and the coroner's jury passed a well-deserved censure upon the hospital authorities. But when you are asked what you have to say about this appalling story you airily remark that it is for the committee to decide whether anything should be done as a result of the censure and that the committee would not be meeting for some time! Decency demands that they should meet at once and take the necessary steps to stop such negligence. JOHN BULL.

To Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

SIR,—By giving the misguided dock strikers relief at rates up to £2 6s. 6d. a week plus rent and fuel, the Poplar Guardians are illegally disbursing public money and at the same time encouraging mutiny against the authority of the Trades Unions. Have you interfered to put a stop to these abuses? Not a bit of it! You have broadcast some long-winded guff about holding yourself in reserve in case you may be called upon to pronounce a judicial opinion when the accounts are audited, and so left the Guardians to go on merrily defying the law. You may call this administrative control. I call it crass stupidity. JOHN BULL.

To SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES, British Ambassador, U.S.A.

SIR,—Your outspoken and vivid account of the "diabolic" conditions prevailing at Ellis Island has stirred the indignation of your countrymen. I have frequently drawn attention to the horrors inflicted on British immigrants to the United States, and your official report will drive home to our Government the necessity for a speedy and vigorous protest. When you say that "personally, I should prefer imprisonment in Sing-Sing to incarceration on Ellis Island," you give to us a realisation of this American hell. Britain is behind you. JOHN BULL.

To Major the Rt. Hon. G. C. TRYON, M.P., Ministry of Pensions.

SIR,—The deluge of complaints by ex-Service men about their treatment by your Ministry reduces ordinary people to a condition of cold fury. Insulting catechisms by the Appeal Tribunal, brutal bullying by Medical Boards, and the generally contemptuous attitude of the bureaucracy towards ex-soldiers—all these have got to stop. Also you must withdraw at once the secret regulations which you have devised to get behind the provisions of the Pensions Warrant. Heaven knows the country wants economy. But it refuses to have it at the expense of its disabled heroes, and it will no longer countenance the abominable way they are treated by a flint-hearted Treasury. JOHN BULL.

To FREDERICK MEAD, Esq., Magistrate, Marlborough Street Police Court.

SIR,—You are over seventy years of age and it is clearly time that you retired from the Bench. In a job like yours we want someone who is in possession of all his faculties. A venerable bungler, such as you have become, is a public danger. Look at two recent motor-car cases which you dealt with. First, for being drunk in charge of a car, you sent Louis Contamin to prison for a month—quite right and proper. Then, on the very next day, Hamilton Ingledew, a Guards officer *of independent means*, who was so drunk that he collided with a stationary vehicle and then drove off without stopping, got off with a fine of 40s. If Contamin deserved a month surely Ingledew deserved six. Your absurdities in handling justice deprive you of public sympathy and confidence. JOHN BULL.

To Rev. B. G. BOURCHIER, Vicar of St. Jude's, Hampstead.

SIR,—Your attempt to justify suicide comes strangely from the lips of a minister of the Christian Church. And the example you quote is truly a strange one. A married man fell to a fierce temptation, committed an unmentionable wrong and took his life when threatened with exposure. You say he acted as a man of honour. I say he acted as a coward. It is true that conscience doth make cowards of us all, but it is lucky for those who depend on us that we aren't all such craven curs as to dash out by the easiest exit when things go wrong. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. SIR ROBERT SANDERS, Minister of Agriculture.

SIR,—During the two years Henry Guy Landon White was employed by your Department in connection with farm settlements, he collected rents amounting to £900, of which he put over £500 into his own pocket. His accounts were never audited and no official of the Ministry visited him till eighteen months after he had left their employment. A nice way of doing business! Even then he was not prosecuted. The public has been well fleeced owing to criminal neglect of the most elementary business principles. I wonder how many other of your officials are lining their nests at the taxpayer's expense? JOHN BULL.

To BISHOP JAMES CANNON, Methodist Episcopal Church of U.S.A.

DEAR CRANK,—In Britain we are just a bit tired of American visitors who would like to run our affairs in *their* way. Your absurd prophecy that "England will be dry in ten years," stamps you as ignorant of the country, and wholly out of touch with its people, and I am willing to wager that British workmen are turning out better work on beer than are Americans on ice-cream sodas. Why don't you try to enforce prohibition in New York? Ever taken a stroll along 41st Street, and glanced into some of the basement dwellings? JOHN BULL.

WHAT A GAME!

[The football season opens on Saturday

BALDWIN: Hi, there! I'f you're careful you'll burst the ball!

EUROPE CAN BE SAVED!

The dark shadows of distress are upon Europe. At all costs they MUST be lifted

The Prime Minister.

STATESMEN, what of the Ruhr? This is the question which the peoples of the world, from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific slopes, are asking of their rulers.

Four years after the Treaty of Versailles which as we fondly hoped was to usher in a new era of human brotherhood, there is war and not peace in Europe. The richest provinces of Germany are in the grip of the invader; the powerhouse of Europe lies smashed and ruined; the poisoned breath of hatred withers every fruitful impulse that emerged from the womb of war.

It is as though the heart of the Continent had stopped beating. The repercussion of the central tragedy is felt to the remotest confines of the globe. In every nation its effects are seen. In Great Britain unemployment and stagnation, in France the curse of a growing militarism, in Germany the creeping paralysis of all that is straight and decent in her national life.

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IF there is a Devil he must be laughing in wicked glee at the dilemma of the Ruhr. Decent men and women will neither smile nor weep, but set their wits to work to find a way out of the present ghastly confusion. There is but one choice before us. Either the problem of the Ruhr must be solved by peaceful means, or we must face the hideous necessity of preparing for a new European war.

With those who to our scarcely-healed feud with Germany would like to add a fresh quarrel with France we have not a vestige of sympathy. In our view the preservation of the Entente Cordiale, cemented by the blood of our bravest, ought to remain the corner-stone of British foreign policy. But it is not the part of friendship to deceive a friend. We cannot endorse the French action in the Ruhr for very good reasons which it is best to state with entire candour. In the first place we do not believe that the renewal of war, for that is what the Ruhr occupation amounts to, is a sane or practicable method of obtaining from Germany those reparations to which Great Britain equally with her Allies is morally entitled.

Moreover, just as an idle man is either a burden or a menace to the community in which he lives, so a nation prevented by foreign interference from earning an honest livelihood in the paths of industry and commerce is bound, sooner or later, to become a nuisance to its neighbours.

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FRANKLY we tell France that to-day we need the trade with Central Europe which her policy in the Ruhr cripples and destroys; it is essential not only to our prosperity but to the everyday comfort of the working masses of our people. The war spirit is fatal to trade and commerce, the life-blood of the British Empire, and it is the war spirit which rears its dragon's head in the Ruhr. The collapse of Germany accompanied as it very likely would be by an irruption of Bolshevist fury from the Volga to the Rhine would spell ruin for Great Britain.

A BASIS OF SETTLEMENT.

Great Britain should Offer:—

To guarantee France against future invasion at the hands of Germany.

To forego a portion of the war debt owing by France to Great Britain.

To accept the findings of an International Commission in regard to German reparations and to take joint action with France to enforce payment.

France must agree:—

To evacuate the Ruhr.

To accept the findings of an International Commission regarding Germany's capacity to pay reparations.

To act only in concert with Great Britain for the purpose of enforcing payment.

That France is ignorant of these elementary facts is inconceivable. The Baldwin Note might with advantage have made them plainer; but the shrewd mind of M. Poincaré cannot fail to grasp the situation. What then, accounts for the sharp divergence between the French and British standpoints? This we must decide before attempting to supply an answer to the question the world is asking: What next?

Fear and mistrust of Germany is the dominating motive of French policy. The jealousy and hatred of these two great nations is the epic tragedy of European history. First it is Germany that is rolled in blood and mud by the fury of Napoleon, then France bites the dust at Sedan, then comes the Great War and once again through sacrifices unspeakable the soil of France is freed from the polluting tread of her ancient foe. In her hour of triumph she has sworn a vow, sworn it by the memory of her gallant dead, by the sufferings of her people—Never Again.

Better a dismembered Germany with her industries ruined and her national pride destroyed, better a Rhineland Republic and a litter of small German States than that the foot of the invader should ever again set foot upon the thrice-ransomed soil of France.

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Remember France accepted certain vital clauses of the Treaty of Versailles on the strength of a joint undertaking by Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson, in the name of their respective Governments, that in the event of an unprovoked attack by Germany in the future the United States and Great Britain would rally to the support of France. At Versailles, never forget, this bargain was signed and sealed. From the moment that it broke down, owing to the failure of the United States Senate to ratify President Wilson's Bond, France has been determined to trust to her own strength.

Here we reach the crux of the tangled situation. If British statesmanship is wisely directed at this crisis there will be no more "Curzon lectures" to France. Courage and honesty, no less than a far-seeing self-interest demand that we should offer our friend and neighbour firm guarantees against future aggression by Germany.

In the years leading up to the events of August, 1914, it was always a moral certainty that in the event of a German attack we should fight by the side of France. If we had had the courage and wisdom to make our determination known there might have been no war. There is a danger lest we should repeat this fatal blunder. We cannot coerce the stubborn spirit of France, but before the tragedy of the Ruhr goes farther we can make her an offer, openly, and in the eyes of the world, generous as the advances of friendship should be, yet just to ourselves, to Germany, and to all nations.

Lord Birkenhead.

In exchange for an agreement by France to withdraw her troops from the Ruhr, and to abide by the findings of an International Commission inregard to Germany's capacity to pay reparations, the British Government might well renew the pact entered into at Versailles and stand by France should she ever wage a war of defence against her ancient enemy.

As a further inducement and upon the strict understanding that the French Government should take no further steps against Germany except in full concert with Great Britain, we might well agree to a liberal remission of the debts incurred by France in the defence of her territory, and of the liberties of Europe.

Would France accept such an offer? Who can say? One thing is certain. If she refused it an awful responsibility would be hers; at the bar of civilised opinion she would stand utterly condemned. Well might any nation shrink from the odium which would attach to such a refusal.

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IF France spurned even an offer backed by the friendship and goodwill of the British Empire, then it must go forth to the world and be recorded for all future time that at this solemn parting of the ways she preferred war to peace, enmity to friendship, revenge to security. We cannot believe she would take such a burden on her soul. At any rate, we decline to believe it yet. The policy we propose would furnish the acid test of her sincerity.

Surely upon such a platform as we suggest, Mr. Baldwin and Lord Birkenhead, as representing the Government and its principal critics, might agree. If ever there was an occasion for the united front it is now. There can be nothing in the policy we advance to outrage any section of opinion, Conservative, Liberal, or Labour.

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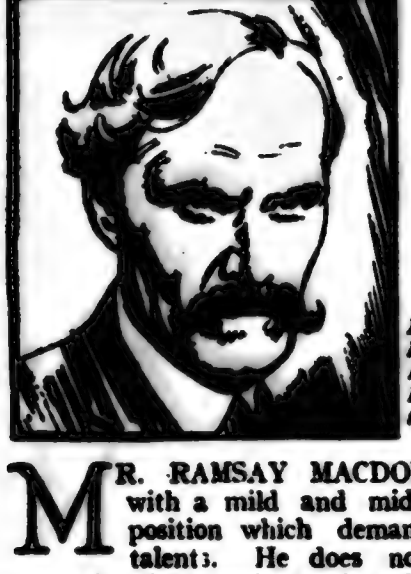
IF France declines our offer we must fall back upon Lord Birkenhead's suggestion, withdraw our Army of Occupation and our representative from the Reparations Commission and leave to France the sole responsibility for continuing a state of war. We should then have to make our own arrangements with Germany, possibly establishing some sort of control at Hamburg and Bremen, and collecting our own share of reparations on our own account. The British people cannot be expected to acquiesce permanently in a state of affairs under which they alone are paying their war debts, taxed £15 a head, as against £5 a head in France and practically nothing in Germany. But the time to talk of "separate action" is not yet. Before we can count our consciences clear we must make one more effort to reach unison with our Ally for the memory of those sons of hers and ours who gave their all.



Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., Leader of the Opposition

Slavery by Instalments

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

WHAT would happen to us if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's Party came into power? The writer of this article answers this question by asking another—a question of vital importance to our freedom as citizens of the British Empire. Can Mr. MacDonald refute the statements made here? Can he from his heart challenge their truth?

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD occupies with a mild and middling success a position which demands the highest talents. He does not advance his cause, but he contrives to keep his Party almost together.

A man of upright conduct and a dogmatic habit of mind, utterly inexperienced in great business, and with no achievement of any solid kind at his back, Mr. MacDonald finds himself at the head of a Party whose avowed purpose is to revolutionise the whole face of British existence, and to Prussianise a nation which has prided itself for centuries on its civil liberties.

That he should keep his place in such a body argues a certain power of will: that he should preserve it from the ignominious ridicule and overwhelming contempt of a masculine nation proves that he is a master of political cunning.

But higher qualities than these are plainly essential if Mr. MacDonald is to execute the will of the Labour Party. I think he knows this; and I detect in his last challenge to his political critics almost a confession that he is merely the harmless forerunner of some prodigious superman who is to turn everything topsy-turvy in order that evolution may take a long holiday.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD challenges his critics to point to a single passage in any accepted work on Socialism justifying the notion that Socialism is to be introduced at one fell swoop.

He would assure us that this unspeakable blessing is not to come down upon us like cats and dogs, but to be administered in soothing spoonfuls. It is not to be a matter of Mr. MacDonald's first administration, but the work of ages. We are not to be knocked on the head and stripped naked to the stars. We are not even to be kicked into the Kingdom of Heaven. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, with the anæsthetic on one side of us, and Mr. Sidney Webb, speaking soft and comfortable words to us on the other, will only gradually signal to Mr. Jack Jones that he may relieve us of the inconvenience of our watch, later to Mr. George Lansbury that he may get hold of our burdensome wallet, and later still to Mr. Maxton that he may collar our irritating small change.

SO charmingly will these operations be effected that we shall scarcely be sensible of any loss, and before we come fully to our senses, Mr. MacDonald will be discussing new economic theories with Marx and Lenin in a remote part of the universe, while Mr. Sidney Webb will be stirring up the lower angels to demand equality from the bourgeois archangels. Years afterwards, other hands will be laid upon us, and once again we shall be most gently and tactfully relieved of our boots and braces, until so little of our personal property remains to us that we shall not have the heart to struggle when the blood-thirsty heirs of Mr. Newbold appear with clubs and axes to demand the last rags of our civil and political liberties, the mere sock-suspenders of manhood.

In other words, if Labour comes in at the next General Election we are not to fear destruction, and Mr. MacDonald's disciples are not to expect the millennium. This statement of the matter may conveniently subdue Mr. MacDonald's present responsibilities to the measure of his gifts, but it will neither pacify the majority of the nation, which is opposed to him, nor satisfy the unruly minority, which is pressing on his heels. That minority may listen to Kerensky in opposition, but it will demand Lenin when it comes into power.

I WOULD venture to ask Mr. MacDonald a question far simpler than his challenge, and one that he might conveniently answer the next time he addresses a miners' gala. Simple as my question is, I believe that it is one which, earnestly considered by Mr. MacDonald, will hold up the mirror to his moral character. He will admit, I am sure, that strategy may lead unconsciously to self-deception, and tactics to dishonesty. There is sometimes only a fine line between political cunning and moral shame.

Is socialism conceivable without conscription? That is my question. I ask Mr. MacDonald to give his answer, not to me, but to those who follow him, those who trust him, those who believe he is leading them to a better world, those whom he encourages to think that capitalism is a devilish invention, and Socialism from God. He calls them "wage-slaves." Does he tell them that he would make them State-slaves?

However slowly Socialism may come, every step it takes will tread some precious liberty of the human spirit underfoot. It cannot take charge of us and leave us free to exercise our will or our taste. It is not a road on which man may travel, but a prison in which he must remain. It is not freedom groping its manful way from darkness to light, but slavery feeding with the oil of man's self-respect the lamp of an eternal tyranny. It is not life and battle and victory. It is not even the honourable peace of death; it is the deadly and caged monotony of the lunatic.

If what I say is false, and if it be possible for Socialism to exist in the same world with personal liberty, let Mr. MacDonald tell his followers how they may still be free under a government of Socialists. But if it be true that Socialism is another word for the press-gang, another term for universal conscription, let Mr. MacDonald have the honesty to warn his followers that in voting for Labour they are voting for the extinction of their personal liberties and the death of the human soul.

I INVITE Mr. MacDonald to leave the confused question of socialistic economies entirely on one side, until we get trustworthy documents from Russia, and in the meantime to address himself solely to the moral question.

Is Socialism compatible with freedom? Until he answers that question, publicly, and with no cunning, but frankly, honourably, and like a true man, he may very easily mislead and delude many unhappy people who, through ignorance, render themselves dangerous both to themselves and to the State.

Vaccination

An Anti-vaccinationist's view (not necessarily ours) of the recent small-pox epidemic

FOR a whole century efforts have been made without success to place vaccination upon a scientific basis. It still remains—as Jenner found it—a silly legend of the Gloucestershire dairy-maids. For the past fifty years every outbreak of small-pox has commenced with a vaccinated person and the majority of its sufferers have been among the vaccinated class.

The ritual of vaccination consists in rubbing into the scraped surface of the skin an excrescence scooped from cow-pox scabs artificially raised upon the abdomens of calves—the filthiest, most useless and dangerous superstition that has ever disgraced the medical profession.

To say that cow-pox is "small-pox of the cow" and that it "produces small-pox in a mild form," is an impudent falsehood. By this assertion Jenner deceived the medical profession. The only human disease to which cow-pox bears analogy is that of syphilis.

For years past, ninety per cent. of the children born in Gloucester have remained unvaccinated, and when a fiftieth part of the population was attacked by a simple chicken-pox eruption (such as has been prevalent throughout the country), causing no invalidity or injury during the attack, none subsequent to the attack and no mortality, emissaries from the Ministry of Health appeared upon the scene, first surreptitiously, then openly, and in the end announced that an epidemic of small-pox was raging in the city.

Sir George Newman, the Medical Chief of the Ministry of Health, wired the Mayor that he was "impressed with the gravity of the position."

The Whitehall scaremongers found a local Health Committee sufficiently weak and servile to do its bidding; every member of it at once lost his head, and its first frantic act was to placard all the hoardings of the city on the very day the Trades' Fair opened, with huge posters in flaming red letters:

"SMALL-POX.
This Disease is in the City."

From that moment Gloucester was doomed.

The experienced Medical Officer of Health, who went through the real small-pox epidemic of 1896 and under whose supervision 1,000 cases in the present chicken-pox epidemic had been successfully handled, was driven to resign because he

Throw Us a Rope

by A. G. GARDINER

IT lies in the power of America to do much to establish the peace of Europe. It can no more conscientiously stand aloof from Continental affairs to-day than it could during the war. Participation in the efforts to save the world from disintegration is essential. This article points to a solution of the great international problem.

Mr. Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States

WHAT will the new American President do? Will he throw shipwrecked Europe a rope or will he stand off and leave it to founder? If he is a man of the Lincoln strain it would be easy to guess what he would do, but President Coolidge is an unknown quantity, and until he shows his mind and his mettle it is idle to speculate. All we can say is that he is the one great potentiality of peace left in the world.

If any words of mine could reach him at Washington, they would aim at setting before him certain broad considerations that lie at the heart of his problem and of ours alike. Those considerations start from one main thesis. That thesis may be stated in the words of Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, junr., and who declares that the future of the white civilisation depends on the co-operation of the English-speaking race.

IF I share that view, it is not because I believe that the English-speaking peoples are angels in a world of devils. I think they are neither better nor worse than other peoples. Their claim to the joint leadership of the world rests on certain facts which are common to both, and which have little to do with their merits. They are both mercifully placed outside the European cockpit. They have no part in the racial strife that has devastated the Continent for a thousand years and has now reached its climax. They want no European territory and have no ancient grudges to work off. Their only interest in Europe is the establishment of peace, goodwill and conditions of common prosperity.

They are not Continental Powers: they are World Powers.

They envisage the world as a unit of interest, as a single concern, in which the well-being of all is the essential of the well-being of each. If the whole breaks up the parts are ruined. The corollary of this wide view of human society as a single organism is that peace and not war is the essential condition of its existence.

LET us look at what we English-speaking peoples have done.

The whole history of the American continent, under the leadership of the United States, has been the record of a stern determination to prevent the new world repeating the racial wars of Europe. That was the supreme achievement of Lincoln. He fought and won the Civil War in order to banish the spectre of war from the Western hemisphere. It was the greatest victory for peace in the history of the world. Without it, America would to-day present the spectacle of rival nations armed to the teeth and living in eternal hate, fear and distrust of each other. Lincoln secured the reign of unbroken internal peace to the whole American continent. We have accomplished something hardly less magnificent. We have given unbroken internal peace to the whole British Empire.

That is what the two English-speaking peoples have done for world security in the past. *They have banished the institution of war from more than half the earth.* They have done this acting separately. But for a mad British king they would have been united in one Empire to this day and would have been able to impose a *Pax Britannica* on the whole world—not by arms, but by moral and material authority.

It is safe to say that if George III. had not driven the Americans into rebellion and so broken up the English-speaking family, there would have been no great European war, for London and Washington would have been one voice and one government whose will to peace would have had the power to chain up all the dogs of war on earth.

We came near to restoring that English-speaking unity when America entered the war, under a President who, whatever his faults, had conceived the sublime idea of completing Lincoln's work by extending the American peace to the whole family of nations. He was beaten by a combination of enemies at Paris and in his own country. And America, having come into the war, went out of the peace. That tragedy and not the war itself is the cause of the shipwreck of Europe. It will be remembered as the Great Refusal. America threw drowning Europe a rope, and then let go.

I ASK President Coolidge to reflect on that fact. I ask him to consider whether, if his country were not going to see the peace through, it ought not to have kept out of the war. I think it ought. I think in the light of events that it would almost have been better for Europe to-day if America had not come into the war. It is a sad conclusion for one who hailed the entry of America as the prelude, not merely to victory, but to the consolidation of the world's peace when victory was won. But it is a conclusion which, to me, is irresistible.

And I believe Americans in their hearts know it is irresistible. I see a multitude of evidences of their disquiet and of their desire to take up the broken threads of the task they abandoned four years ago. They know that sooner or later they are bound to resume contact with Europe. This Continent is far too big a thing, far too necessary for America itself, to be left to drift like a derelict to destruction. America will act, must act some day. The question is whether she will act before Europe reaches the Niagara to which it is plunging, or after—an important question for America as well as for us.

IF President Coolidge has a touch of the vision and courage of Lincoln, his course will be clear. This country has put forward a policy for salvaging the European wreck. The kernel of that policy is the setting up of an impartial commission to ascertain (1) what Germany has paid; (2) what she can pay; (3) how she is to pay it. This proposal originally emanated from Mr. Hughes, the Secretary of State at Washington.

In adopting it as the starting-point of British action, therefore, Mr. Baldwin is taking the line of Washington itself. If President Coolidge will endorse that line and agree to join in the inquiry he will restore contact with Europe and give it the first gleam of hope since his country went out of the peace.

And from that beginning we may revive the dream that the English-speaking races will yet fulfil the destiny that events and their common interests have prescribed for them in laying the foundations of an enduring peace for the whole world.

Denounced

by WALTER R. HADWEN,

J.P., M.D., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., L.S.A.

declined to label the malady "small-pox" and saw no necessity for the vaccination ramp.

An officious young man—Assistant Medical Officer of Health at Birmingham—was placed in supreme power. He surrounded himself with a small army of sanitary inspectors, nurses and attendants.

A huge aerodrome—one of the big blunders of the late Government—was converted into an isolation hospital and expensively furnished. It became known as "Pimple Town." A hundred corporation workmen toiled there day and night, before and after it was occupied; not one of them took the "terrible disease" (as the Health Committee Chairman called it), though all positively refused to be vaccinated.

All municipal authority was relegated to a sub-committee consisting of the Mayor, the Chairman of the Health Committee, a doctor and a Labour man, one and all of whom seemed to go stark, staring mad. The Mayor babbled about the "ghastly sights" to be seen at the aerodrome; the matron, who had shown him round, promptly denied in the public Press that any such sights existed, declaring that none of the 144 patients then in hospital had been even ill.

One Medical Officer of Health said: "It is a pity some of the patients don't die"; but the children failed to oblige him, excepting one poor little six weeks old baby taken from its mother's breast suffering from red gum, and certified to have died from "confluent smallpox."

The aerodrome came to be looked upon as a holiday resort for people with harmless pimples on their faces, and all sorts of strange disorders were sent in from heat bumps to flea-bites.

At last the Gilbertian situation became too obvious. The municipal authorities grew tired of being made a laughing-stock by the citizens; the November elections were approaching; money had been squandered like water; citizens were becoming enraged by the screaming farce; so one by one the captains and hosts departed, patients were rapidly turned out of the aerodrome, and pimpled faces were left at home. And thus ended one of the most audacious and scandalous pieces of official intolerance and scaremongering that has ever disgraced a Ministry of Health and a jelly-fish Corporation.

Gloucester to-day is more firmly anti-vaccinationist than ever it was in its history.

The Great Jockey Feud

THE recent sensational happenings on the Turf which have resulted in court cases and the suspension of jockeys have to some extent mystified the public. This article reveals first hand how the spirit of rivalry amongst certain jockeys has developed to the exclusion of the element of sportmanship.

by A JOCKEY

THERE have been many regrettable incidents on our race-courses of late. There have been more cases of rough and reckless riding than the oldest of us can recall out of experiences gained on race tracks in all parts of the civilised world.

Some of the trouble comes directly from the over-zeal of the younger riders, and that in its turn comes from the swelled head developed by these youths, as the result of the fuss made by the public over them when they happen to ride an outsider to victory.

This public ecstasy breeds rivalry among other apprentices and an unnatural keenness to go one better, with the result that we have on every racing day a mad scramble to get to the rails first, or to take a bend ahead of a rival.

It is only natural that where this is the case inexperienced, over-keen youths should make errors of judgment, resulting in bumping incidents and the crowding of unwilling jockeys and mounts on to the rails with the usual disastrous consequences.

• • •

BUT that is only a phase of the matter. The real evil at the root of all this trouble is that we have in racing to-day among the jockeys the exact counterpart of the feuds among the "boys" that have been responsible for sand-bagging, shooting, knifing and hatchet displays on and off the course.

It is only too well known that there are jockeys to-day who are so lacking in the sporting spirit that they are at deadly rivalry with their fellows, and if an opportunity presents itself of doing a bad turn to one of their enemies in a race they are quick to seize it.

These rivalries have developed until the jockeys' room has two groups or gangs animated by fierce hostility to each other, pursuing a regular vendetta against each other, noting real or fancied grievances of those associated with them, and taking vengeance on the supposed offender or one of his cronies when a chance comes.

• • •

THE roughest riding I have seen lately has occurred when the young bloods of these gangs were out for a leading jockey who had dared to report to the stewards a deliberate case of rough riding, of which another jockey was the principal victim.

Our Sabinis in the saddle could not pass over any one daring to report one of their number; so on the next opportunity they were after the jockey concerned. He was riding a strongly-fancied horse that day, and got well away with every prospect of winning.

Coming to the bend the four riders, who had been told off by their fellows of the Sabini gang in the jockeys' room as "executioners," edged close up to the favourite and gradually boxed him in, with the result that not only was his chance spoiled, but the jockey and mount had a narrow escape from being pitched over the rails.

On another occasion this same jockey was the victim of a most deliberate crossing attempt, which cost him a race he ought to have won, and also caused him to incur the anger of the racing public who had not seen what took place.

I was lying close up behind the horse referred to at the time. The jockey was letting his mount go easily with an eye to challenge after passing the bend and winning at will. The only other rider level with us was one of the most notorious of the disciples of Sabini we have in the jockeys' room, and it happened that at this time he was burning with a fancied grievance against the jockey I have in mind.

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THE Sabini in the saddle was leading slightly. I saw him look over his shoulder furtively, and then deliberately draw his horse across the path of the one that ought to have won. The jockey of the latter pulled up just in time to avoid a collision, or rather he lifted his mount clear of the obstacle and tried to come along on the outside. The Sabini saw what was happening, saw that skilled jockeyship and a game horse might win after all, so he repeated his manœuvre and crossed in front of the horse again, this time effectually snuffing out his chance of winning.

The fact that there are rivalries of this kind is well known to all connected with racing.

It means that everything that organised hooliganism in a race can do to prevent the offending rider winning or having a chance of winning will be resorted to, and the awkward tracks such as Kempton, Alexandra Park, Brighton, and Chester afford excellent staging for these vendettas of which the public know nothing.

At Lincoln there was a "spill" of which a new rider in Britain was the unwitting cause. He explained the circumstances to the Stewards who were quite satisfied, and indeed every unbiased jockey who took part in the race was of the same opinion.

Unfortunately this new comer had upset the chance of one of the Sabini gang in the jockeys' room, and the latter would not accept any explanation. It became a feud affair, and the complaining jockey and three of his associates made it their business to go after the new-comer every time they saw their chance.

Their next chance was at Liverpool at the Spring Meeting, where the new-comer was "up" on a very difficult horse to ride, especially if there was any crowding at the turns.

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FROM the start of the race three of the gang made it their business to hang at the heels of the difficult horse, though other jockeys who knew the effect on the horse and the danger of injury to their own mounts gave plenty of room. The inevitable happened, the favourite resented the presence of the other three so close and lashed out, with the result that all four horses were involved in a fierce scramble that left the race to an outsider.

There was a sensational "spill" in the big selling race at Ally Pally recently in which one horse was killed and young Ingham was badly injured. The sensational attack of Ingham on "Steve" followed this incident, the lad being under the impression possibly that "Steve," one of the cleanest riders in racing, was the cause of his accident.

The real truth is that the gang were out for "blood" on that day. There was a demonstration against a rider whom they had blacklisted for some fancied offence at Newmarket. There was a general concentration of the Sabinis in the saddle on this unfortunate rider as the critical bend was reached. General bumping resulted and the horses became bunched up hopelessly, Steve being pitched on to Ingham by the impact of two other horses, and Ingham and his mount going on to the rails.

There are jockeys besides myself who know just what happened that day. There are some who knew that something of the sort was going to happen, because there had been many threats since the Newmarket incident. Some of those who were accessories before and after the event could not be induced to tell the truth, either because they are themselves attached to one or other of the gangs, or because they know from past experience that as the Stewards are powerless or unwilling to protect men who reveal what they know it would be as good as asking for a demonstration of the power of the Sabinis of the saddle were they to break silence.

And in the present state of Turf control, who would blame them? If they spoke out they would be marked men, the victims of an "accident" sooner or later. Accidents are easily arranged on the turf where two or three riders of ill will are gathered together for the purpose of making them come to pass.

• • •

EVEN if the rider incurring the wrath of the gangs escapes injury, he cannot escape the continued interference that costs him many races. Owners note his continued "ill-luck," come to the conclusion that he is losing his nerve or is in some other way unfitted to be trusted with mounts. Riding engagements are fewer and fewer, and the Sabinis have triumphed, driving the honest man out of the profession.

That happens under the new conditions, and it is going to happen more and more if the racing public do not awake to the realities of the position, and insist on the governing body of the Turf making way for some authority that will drive from the riding tracks the Sabinis and their rivals, just as they were driven from the courses by energetic police measures.

As it is, under existing conditions, though a jockey feels he ought to tell the truth, he sees before him an object-lesson of the advisability of keeping silent. That object-lesson is in the form of a poor devil who was once a well-known rider, much in demand at both northern and southern meetings. In the early days of the jockey gangs he was foolish enough to tell the Stewards what he had seen. He was not believed. Two days later there was a mad scramble on the twisting track of a west country meeting, and the jockey who spoke out was picked up speechless, his mount being killed under him.

• • •

AFTER weeks in hospital he came out, crippled for life, and now is to be seen, a pathetic figure haunting the courses where he was once so popular, and serving as a warning to the rest of us of what is in store, should we have the courage to speak out as he did.

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

A Director's Dilemma

"I WAS lucky enough to make a fortune in the East during the boom in rubber estates. I was in a solicitor's office in Penang at the time, and got in, as the phrase goes, on the ground floor. Coming home, I invested the money in a multiple trading concern with head offices in London and branches throughout the country.

"I am a director, and my fellow directors are all men of position. For two years we did very well, then we struck a slump, and for the last year things have been going from bad to worse. My fellow directors have done things that I do not approve of, and which I regard as very risky indeed. Unfortunately, before I realised the position, I incurred serious obligations through signing documents I did not fully understand.

"They now hold me to my signature, and tell me that I must stand or fall by them. It seems to me that the end of it all will be a big financial crash, and possibly legal proceedings for fraudulent handling of the affairs of the company. I could sell out now, and still save the wreckage of my fortune, but if I do so it may precipitate the end of the concern and the public scandal I am so anxious to avoid."

"Humanist" says: *You are entitled to get out at once of a concern which the directors are mishandling and practically trying to blackmail you into complicity. You say you were innocent in signing documents you did not understand. If you remain in your present position, no one will believe you when the crash comes. In any case it is your clear duty, when you see things going wrong, to take your stand for integrity, even though you may lose your all. You are a trustee for the other shareholders: save what you can for them also.*

Love versus Obedience

"I AM 18 years of age and expect to become a mother this month. My lover—the father of the child—sailed for the East early this year without knowing of my condition. I have now told him, and his one wish is to marry me; but being a soldier it is impossible for him to return for some time. Meantime, my parents are paying all expenses, also making all arrangements without any regard to my wishes. When I do suggest anything, I am told I am not of age, and they regard me as one having no shame, because I am not continually weeping and being thankful for small mercies.

"I fully realise the extent of my sin; but I hardly think that after sinning God means us to give up all interest in life. I want to get a situation of any kind that will bring me enough money to keep myself and my child independently. I realise that this is almost impossible. An old sweetheart of mine has offered me marriage, knowing all. I do not love him, but he urges me on the grounds that I would thereby gain independence. My parents are quite willing that I should marry him, as marriage would set my child right in the eyes of the world—or rather of so-called Christians.

"I love the father of my child; but I realise if I wait for him I must submit to all arrangements made for myself and my baby, whether I like them or not. These being that I will have no say in the upbringing of my child, and I must go into whichever situation they choose for me. By they, I mean my parents."

"'Humanist,' must my life be ruined because I sinned for love and because an unmarried mother stands so little chance in the busy working world? Although I heartily believe in him, I am taunted with the fact that more than likely he will never return and that I will never have another chance of marriage. Ought I to stake all on my soldier lover? Or ought I to grasp marriage now and trust to living without love?"

"Humanist" says: *As you say your lover is willing to marry you, obviously you should wait for him. You will only have to submit to your parents' arrangements until his return—or until you are of age. In any event, you would be happier working independently for your child than marrying a man you do not love.*

Boy Amidst Sharpers

"MY eldest boy, brought up at Eton, has got into trouble, of which his father knows nothing. His father is in Parliament, and hopes soon to get a minor Ministerial post. While my son was staying in France, an old school-friend induced him to play cards with some people staying at the hotel.

"My son won about one hundred and fifteen pounds, but his friend lost over five hundred. The two boys put all their ready money together and then signed a joint bill for the balance.

"My son's friend, whose father is a clergyman, making a desperate struggle to educate his children, has got frightened and has run away. The bill falls due next week, and my boy thinks he will have to meet it. What can he do? I believe the people to whom the money is due are nothing more or less than sharpers."

"Humanist" says: — *Tell your husband all about it. Your son has done nothing to be ashamed of, though he has acted with generous folly. Your husband will be able to find out if the people are sharks, and if your son is under age he can defend an action. The Gaming Act could also be pleaded—though personally I would rather pay up than plead it. After all, a lesson of this kind early in life is often a good investment.*

Honour of a Woman

"A YOUNG fellow, travelling out to South Africa, fell desperately in love with a fellow passenger, a beautiful girl. He was, by a curious coincidence, taking up a position near the girl's home, to which she was returning.

"They became engaged, and decided to marry as soon as possible after her arrival home.

"He was later told by a friend who did not know of his engagement that his beautiful fiancée had figured in a notorious case when she was only fifteen, having been violated by a native. The girl has not confided in him. He has postponed the wedding. Should he marry her?"

"Humanist" says:—*Let your friend ask himself this question! Would a real man punish a girl because of a misfortune that had befallen her in circumstances over which she had no control? Is it not the duty of the community to help in every way the innocent victims of a social evil?*

Hidden Theft

"MY wife's brother is a cattle dealer in a very large way, but can only about manage to sign his cheques—a good business man, otherwise a poor writer and scholar. Another brother-in-law has been doing his accounts, etc., for years, and handling all his cash. Last week he was very ill and my wife's brother (who has not spoken to me for years for marrying his sister) asked me to look after his affairs temporarily. I am unemployed, and I agreed. I find that my brother-in-law has been systematically robbing him for years. What shall I do? Tell my wife's brother or tell him to call in an accountant?

"Humanist" says:—*Tell him to call in an accountant. You cannot honourably conceal your knowledge of the theft without sharing in the moral wrong. It is for the robbed man to exercise clemency.*

Sunday Work

"YOU help so many readers that I wish you would tell me what to do in my worry. My husband, an underground labourer, earns two guineas a week, but gets a chance of making it up to three pounds by working on Sunday.

"Do you think it wrong for him to work Sunday after Sunday? We really need the money. I borrowed a hundred pounds to make a home and that is why he has to work so hard. I hate to see him going out Sunday after Sunday."

"Humanist" says: *You have a very good husband. Make a fuss about him. It is astonishing how hard a man will work if his wife encourages him and helps him. No journalist can say that Sunday work is sinful.*

"HUMANIST" REPLIES

to those "Documents" not dealt with on the opposite page. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others.

Duty and Duties.

"I am an Income Tax official and have discovered that one of the superior officials is helping his friends to keep their tax low. If I report him, my career is finished. Should I write an anonymous letter to the Commissioner?"

You are paid by the country to do your duty as well as to make other people pay their duties. Do what you are paid for regardless of personal interests.

Tragedy of Blindness.

"My twenty-year-old brother is going blind. The specialist tells him not to give up hope, but informs me and his father that his case is incurable. My brother is keeping company with an undesirable girl. We have not the heart to tell him the truth."

If you do not tell him you will add to the handicap of blindness an unhappy married life. Is it a father's part to take such a risk?

Widow's Temptation.

"I work at a large firm of furriers. A woman there is stealing various articles. The proprietor is a careless man with his stock, but would prosecute if I complained. The woman is a widow with several little children."

Save this widow from herself. Warn her that you must report her if she does not stop stealing, but help her to replace the stolen articles if you can.

Hidden Marriage.

"Against my father's wish I have married a foreigner, but concealed the marriage from him. He is rich and will cut me off with a shilling if he knows I have married this alien woman and have children by her. He wants to come to stay with me. What should I do?"

Your wife and children come first. You must try to overcome your father's prejudices. In any case you cannot make his will for him.

A Day's Outing.

"I am a poor woman and went to a women's charabanc party to Southend without my husband's knowledge. I lost my purse on the way home, and have been told that one particular woman picked it up. I have no proof and cannot tell my husband. What am I to do?"

Tell your husband and be more particular in future about your company. A lesson of this kind is generally worth what it costs.

A Chemist's Scruples.

"My employer, a chemist, is selling pills to the public at 1s. 3d. a box, which are not worth a penny. I know what is in them. They are harmless—and useless."

Your employer is not the only one. But you will have your work cut out if you think you can stop people from buying things worth much less than they cost.

The Evil Man.

"A man whose conduct has been so bad that it has wrecked his health, though there is no outward sign of this, persistently visits the house of a friend of mine, who is afraid to tell his wife and family the truth. Should I urge my friend to keep this man out?"

A cynic has said "Heaven has given us our relations—thank heaven we can choose our own friends." No one is obliged to maintain friendship with a man who is untrustworthy, dangerous and undesirable.

Brother's False Pride.

"My sister, who is married to a drunkard, is being dragged to poverty. I was always against the man, and haven't spoke to my sister for years. My mother died with a broken heart through my sister's foolish marriage. He will never improve."

You ought to be ashamed of deserting your sister in her misfortune. Stand by her like a man.

Law and Morality.

"I am a young barrister practising in the Liverpool district. In examining some documents for a client, I found that he is making a proposal which will practically confiscate the property of an elderly spinster, who is an old friend of mine. Professionally I am bound to my client. Do you think I am morally entitled also to save my friend?"

It is not for you to judge the bargain, or to betray your client. But you can give up your client and arrange for the elderly spinster to get another lawyer to protect her interests.

A Police Scoundrel.

"I am a young girl, recently home from Russia, tired of seeking employment. A policeman, living next door, who knows I have some money saved, is threatening to make trouble for me unless I lend him a £10 note. I am afraid he may take away my character."

Go to a solicitor of standing and make a statement of your experience. Then tell the policeman firmly that you will not lend him any money and that if he persists you will report him. You will protect yourself best by putting your complaint first on record with your solicitor.

Boy Friends.

"A boy of nearly twenty I have two boy friends. I hear they drink. Should I give them up? My parents are great church people and condemn the drink."

A glass of beer does nobody any harm. If they drink to excess they are not suitable company for a boy—or for anybody else. A prude or a fanatical teetotaller is not an attractive character.

Pride of an Indian.

"I am an Indian student at Elphinstone College, Bombay. Every Sunday, when I go home, I have with my head hung down to ask for money from my father. It has unnerved me thoroughly."

The best education depends on sacrifices. The best men make those sacrifices to win through. If you fight on you will get your reward.

A Dread of Cats.

"Since my childhood I have been afraid of cats—not physical fear but irresistible aversion. I am secretary to a lady of title, and she is cat-mad. Can I conquer my aversion?"

You would certainly be wise to try. Most of these aversions are nervous disorders, and can be cured by resolute mental effort. If you had any serious trouble in life you would probably forget about this.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"ADVENTURE":—"Rolling over on his back, he SWAM UP THE SHELVING BANK to the level, where he rose to his feet and breathed a deep sigh of relief."

"PICTORIAL REVIEW":—"The WAIST is closed ON THE LEFT SHOULDER AND UNDER THE LEFT ARM."

"DAILY MIRROR":—"Above all, there was his pleasantly boyish smile, LIPS strong but SHY."

"SOUTH WALES ARGUS" (Advt.):—"Furnished rooms TO LET: ALSO CLEAN CHARWOMAN."

"SUNDAY PICTORIAL":—"They sat down at the BARE mahogany table with its gleaming glass and silver."

"LEICESTER DAILY MERCURY":—"Mr. E. T. Bowers, a local tradesman, SPOKE TO A LARGE PLATE-GLASS WINDOW."

"SHEFFIELD EVENING TELEGRAPH":—(Advert.):—"Assistant, SMALL, TALL, requires situation; not afraid of work."

"NEWMARKET JOURNAL":—"To stop a leak in a zinc BATH, place a piece of putty inside the PAIL and a large piece outside, and flatten out."

"DAILY GRAPHIC" (Advert.):—"Real Harris TWEED, from loom to wearer, reduced to 6s. yard All WOOD, handmade."

"NORTH STAR":—"A Middlesbrough boy was fined 10s. WITH A VIEW TO CLEARING OFF A SMALL DEBT remaining on the Leadgate War Memorial."

"SMALLHOLDER":—"Both PEAS and BEANS must be cut before the upper pods become quite full. If these are waited for much of the best CORN in the lower and earlier pods will fall out and be lost."

"STAR":—"There were all kinds of people—elderly ladies, sportsmen—one MAN CARRIED FISHING-TACKLE AND YOUNG COUPLES ON HOLIDAY."

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Carousers in Cars

by HARRISON OWEN

THE Rt. Hon. W. C. Bridgeman, Home Secretary, was charged with neglect of duty, in that he had failed to amend the present archaic laws relating to the issue of motor-drivers' licences and the punishment of drunken motorists.

The accused said that he was "Not guilty to any very great extent."

"When Bridgeman says that he is 'not guilty to any very great extent,'" remarked Mr. Watchdog, K.C., in opening the case for the public, "I can only reply that the extent of his guilt must be measured by the extent of the evil for which his neglect is responsible. There can be no doubt that the laws relating to motoring are in need of drastic revision. Licences are issued in an absurdly haphazard manner, without regard to the mental or physical fitness of applicants. One driver against whom a summons was recently issued was blind, and another who was charged with driving to the public danger, was paralysed in both legs and did not have sufficient strength to apply the brake. In some cases, apparently, a man might be deaf, dumb, blind, and paralytic, but as long as he could produce five shillings and nod his head in answer to a perfunctory question regarding his age, the licence would be granted without further trouble.

"BUT what is a great deal more serious than carelessness in this respect," continued Mr. Watchdog, "is the tenderness the law shows to drunken and reckless car-drivers. There has been an appalling increase in the number of cases of persons found intoxicated while driving motor-cars, yet a fine, and an endorsement of their licence is, as a rule, all that happens to these "car"-ousers. Some motorists seem to collect endorsements on their licences as another man might collect silkworms or postage-stamps, and are as proud of possessing an 18 hog-power licence as they would be of owning an 18 horse-power car.

"Any person found drunk while in charge of a motor-car," concluded Mr. Watchdog, "should be deprived of a driving licence for ever. The old-fashioned motor-hog was bad enough, but the new breed, who turns himself into a sort of motoring hogshead and 'hics' when he ought to 'honk' is infinitely worse."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, for the defence, said that there were old-fashioned folk who would like a return to the pre-Ford or Sedan-chair period. The motor-car, however, had come to stay, and pedestrians would have to get over their absurd prejudice against being occasionally rolled in the dust. Personally, he would favour dodging being made a compulsory subject in the schools, and in case of a collision between a motor-car and a pedestrian would fine the latter for impeding the traffic. The suggestion that a motorist who became a little merry should be permanently debarred from driving a car was the thin edge of the Pussyfoot wedge.

The jury found the accused "guilty."

"I am afraid Bridgeman's record does not entitle him to much consideration," remarked Mr. Justice Bull. "His strangely lenient attitude toward drunken motorists and his tender treatment of the man Alexander Mason, who was found guilty of a brutal murder, are in striking contrast to the consistent harshness which has distinguished the administration of the Borstal Institutions under his control. He has persistently ignored the exposures which have been made of the brutalities in these institutions. What in the bright lexicon of Borstal is described as 'dietary treatment' might be applied to some of these Jugginses in Juggernauts who seem intent upon turning our streets into casualty wards.

If the Home Secretary were as interested in pigs as the Prime Minister is said to be he might ere now have taken cognisance of the alarming increase in the number of road hogs, and thus have done something to save his official bacon. I cannot do less than order that he be deprived of the use of his own motor-car for six months and warn him that if he makes any further appearances in this Court he may be deprived of his Ministerial portfolio, and even of his seat in Parliament.

Sports and by ROWLEY

THIS week I am giving you my Two-Year-Old Handicap, and it will be noticed that I have put Knight of the Garter a distance behind the place he originally occupied. His victory at Nottingham tells us nothing more than that he is good enough to beat moderate horses. His running at Goodwood must be taken as correct, and even that does not mean that he has been overrated. Halcyon had heaps of weight from the King's colt and may be quite a good 'un.

* * *

I have always thought that Tippler was a very first-class performer, and, with the exception of Mumtaz Mahal, we may find him very near the top when the official handicapper comes to make his Free Handicap.

T.Y.O. HANDICAP.

	st.	lb.		st.	lb.
Mumtaz Mahal	10	10	Tutankhamen	8	4
Tippler	9	4	Hesea	8	4
Diogtea	9	2	Thistle Glass	8	4
Swallow	8	13	Spalpeen	8	3
Knight of the Garter	8	12	Halcyon	8	3
Morals of Harem	8	11	Edwin	8	2
Purple Shade	8	10	Grand Knight	8	2
Hades	8	10	Gurth	8	2
Druid's Orb	8	10	Golden Knight	8	2
Moreland	8	10	Mink	8	2
Silver Gold	8	8	Cockpit	8	1
Parmesio	8	8	Ballast	8	1
Heavenweed	8	7	Mesopotamiyah	8	0
Hinal	8	7	El Tetan	7	13
Fort Royal	8	7	Chronometer	7	13
Golden Rod	8	7	Gay Angela	7	12
Liberty	8	7	Perusia	7	11
Obliterate	8	6	Kitten on the Keys	7	11
Equator	8	6	Tilia	7	11
Lady of Lyons	8	6	Rhythm	7	11
Polygamist	8	5	Notorious	7	11
Colonel	8	5	L'Algion	7	11
Grand Louis	8	5	Audium	7	10
Ducks and Drakes	8	5	Percy Willow	7	10
Appleby	8	5	Clio I.	7	10
Hebdome	8	4	Burea	7	10
Sweet Fay	8	4			

NEWMARKET NOTES.

The St. Leger.

The last classic event of the season is not far ahead, and all our candidates are giving complete satisfaction. There is no doubt we shall be a thorn in the side of the best provincials.

* * *

Papyrus is striding out again in quite his best style, but the hard ground is not in his favour, and it remains to be seen how he will come through the searching preparation necessary to win a Leger.

* * *

J. Jarvis has been sending Ellangowan and Eastern Monarch some good pace gallops, and no horses will strip in better condition. Waygood, the winner of the Irish Derby, may not have accomplished much, but he seems to be on the up grade, and his trainer believes him to have a good chance. I cannot recommend either of Gilpin's pair at present.

* * *

Lambton has sent Tranquil to Wantage to finish her preparation there, the Downs being much softer than Newmarket Heath. I have no particular fancy, however, for this animal, who has disappointed badly since she won the One Thousand.

Newmarket's Best.

Doric could not be doing better. In all the long, steady gallops in which he takes part he gives entire satisfaction, and I think he will reverse the Epsom placings with the Derby winner. The course is an ideal one for this good-looking son of Tracery, and if all goes well, I shall expect him to beat all our local-trained horses and to win.

Prince Edward Handicap.

Stavropol is very useful just now, but the handicapper has not overlooked him, and I prefer Ceinturon, a good stayer who is nicely handicapped. A similar remark applies to Beseema, a much improved mare. I shall have more to say about this race next week, but at the moment I like the two mentioned.

Stockton Stewards Handicap.

St. Louis can safely be passed by here. Re-echo is coming along well, and, if seen out for this, will run very close, but I think he will be at his best in the autumn. De Mestre has a trio, and I think Set Off will be the selected, as he is probably the best at the weights. Cistercian has been going in good style lately and must have a chance, as also have Plas Newydd and Treviso. On the whole, I prefer Cistercian.

Wilton Welter Handicap.

I am very confident that this race will come to headquarters. I do not think Advantage will be seen out for this. Mitchells I do not like, and Dry Gin is not very well handicapped. Festina is now at the top of her form, and has been going well in some useful gallops with Doric and The Villager. Whatever wins has this one to beat, and it is with some confidence that I name Festina as my selection.

Norton Selling Handicap.

We are not strongly represented here, and a moderate lot of horses will compete. First Cut was a trifle unlucky at Epsom the last time he ran; he has been going well at exercise and will go very close for this. I do not think we have seen the best of Spicey, whose running at Brighton was really too bad to be true. Before that outing she had showed to advantage on the Limekilns in a fast gallop with several useful horses from the same stable, and has been striding out so well that I am confident she will be placed to win a race. Of our few engaged I do not hesitate in plumping for Spicey.

Cowley 2-Y-O. Selling. Hurst Park.

White Cat will be seen out for this race, and I cannot fancy any of ours to beat her. Gyroscope is about the best of the remainder. Tin Whistle can do duty for Leader's stable, but he is not of much account, and whatever beats White Cat will win.

Fountain Handicap, Hurst Park.

If London Cry is reserved for this he will go very close indeed. He is heavily engaged, and is fighting fit just now. False Alarm can be safely passed over, having been taking matters easy. I have no fancy for either Polydipsia, Solace or Piccadilly. Sweet Dorothy is going well and will win in due course. If the race comes to headquarters, however, it will be with the aid of London Cry.

Nonsuch Handicap, Hurst Park.

The top weight, Ecila, is a good horse, as was proved by his performance at Liverpool, when beaten only two heads, carrying 10 st. 4lb. Major Beatty undoubtedly holds the key of this race with the top weight, and Catalani, almost at the bottom. The latter is a useful and the best has yet to be seen of him. He will win whenever the stable thinks fit. Joss House does not appear to be badly treated as regards weight. The best outsider is the bottom weight, Jason. My selection will be Beatty's selected.

Maze Handicap, Hurst Park.

Bowood should give a good account of himself, though not too well handicapped. Argo or Set Off can do duty for Mr. S. Joel, and I could fancy the former if the ground became a little softer. Pombal, who has several engagements close at hand, will, I think, win one of them, and should be be reserved for this race, he should not be overlooked. He has been going in his best style with Papyrus in some useful gallops. Werwolf is too unreliable for me to recommend. Ethereal is fit, and has been galloping well with Irish Belfry, but I hardly think she is good enough. I declare for Joel's selected or Pombal.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

A well-known professional backer was the poorer by £25,000 as a result of his transactions during the "Sussex fortnight."

* * *

The Wokingham winner, Crowdennis, has run his last race in England. He has been sold to go abroad.

* * *

Evidently doubts are entertained concerning St. Louis' stamina. Although nominated for the Cambridgeshire and Duke of York Stakes, he was not entered for the Cesarewitch.

* * *

Among the Sledmere-bred yearlings to be offered for sale at Doncaster is a half-sister to Mumtaz Mahal in the filly by Gay Crusader out of Lady Josephine.

* * *

Probably there would be less reason for complaint on the score of jealous riding if certain fashionable jockeys were compelled to forego the practice of "touting for rides."

FOOTBALL

Big Ball Bounces.

Our football correspondent writes:—A trifle more enthusiastic than Englishmen, the Scottish players commenced their Marathon season last Saturday, but everywhere this week-end the big ball will be kicked about. What sort of football will usher the season in is another matter. Trainers have not been able to put their charges properly through an early preparation, and some of the teams may be well beat long before the finish. On the other hand the hot weather may prove to have prevented early staleness. Some trainers bustle their men about far too much in the early part of the season, with the result that there is a fatal falling-off in pace round about Xmas time.

All Cheerful.

Managers everywhere have been blowing off with all their old optimism. All the football geese look like swans to them at the end of August, and how some clubs expect a decent season is beyond us. Miracles happen in football, but only now and then. I admire, however, the general policy of research. At no other period of my time have managers shown such a commendable desire to look for at home what they frequently fail to find abroad, and I hear of a dozen or more of the prominent clubs who have been overwhelmed with requests for a trial from youthful but ambitious amateurs who feel first-class soccer is not beyond them.

English Prospects.

The first division of the English League gives us some posers this week-end. Several of the games seem to me to be likely to end in a draw. I cannot separate West Bromwich and Liverpool, Cardiff and Bolton, Blackburn and Chelsea and Manchester City and Sheffield United. Home winners should be The Arsenal who are in for a good season, Sunderland, Everton, Tottenham Hotspur and Huddersfield. For away winners I take Burnley to beat Notts County, who were not much of a team last season although they did win the championship of the Second Division, and Aston Villa to get a couple of points from Birmingham.

Scottish Specials.

Previous week's "running" should be a guide to the Scottish games. However, I expect to see the Rangers, Ayr, Hamilton A., Hibernians, Falkirk and Dundee

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

STOCKTON (Wednesday).

2. 0 Spicey (Serves All).
2.30 Leanian (Tip-Tree).
3. 0 North End (Waterbuck, Torpille).
3.30 Master Percy (Just One, Kitty Tyrrel).
4. 0 Plas Newydd (Cistercian, Sir Greysteel).
4.30 San-utar (Domi-volt, Double Gift).
5. 0 Leinster (Bold Knight, Smoke Screen).

STOCKTON (Thursday).

1.30 Lone Farm (Nabob, Crossjack).
2. 0 Torpille (Dry Gin, White Friar).
2.30 Grey Lady (Venetian Rose).
3. 0 Sierra Leone (Kopplestone).
3.30 Hunting Horn (Gulistan).
4. 0 Post Royal (Hellespont, Colesberg).

BATH (Wednesday).

2. 0 Milataway (Coriopsis).
2.30 Righteous (Verano).
3. 0 Skylight (Greadeur).
3.30 Errant Lad (Ferdie).
4. 0 Bengal (King Throstle).
4.30 Hymir (Usual).

BATH (Thursday).

2. 0 Jack Patch (Sanoma).
2.30 Warways (Bednabay, Gallant Speed).
3. 0 Flintheuse (Treasure).
3.30 Astra's Dance (Black Orator).
4. 0 Last Ball (Count Lena).
4.30 No Hurry (Border Ranger).

HURST PARK (Friday).

2. 0 Aquatic (Household Brigade).
2.30 Harry Tate (Ironbridge, Dutiful).
3. 0 Montbrieglia (Click, Hoary Gold).
3.30 Hurry Off (Carbonare, Tudor King).
4. 0 Meandering (Rendezvous, Dominion).
4.30 London Cry (King of Clubs, Santorel).

HURST PARK (Saturday).

2. 0 Fancy Man (Otford).
2.30 St. Cleare (Rubber, Cabbage).
3. 0 Double Up (Pombal, Merriplit).
3.30 Hopeswood (Clio filly, Perusal).
4. 0 Ecila (Double Court, Catalani).
4.30 Thoughtless (Dark Fox).

FOOTBALL

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Sportsmen
MILE

all win on their own ground. Queen's Park should not drop more than a point to Third Lanark, while on foreign soil Raith Rovers, Celtic and Partick Thistle look the goods. I have not the space to deal with the other divisions of the English League, while the second division of the Scottish League can be left alone until the clubs have sorted themselves out a bit. In any case, punters have a long stretch before them, and just now they should accept the advice of the Zulu proverb—"Hasten Slowly."

M'Stay May Stay.

The Celtic crack Billie M'Stay had not made up his little row with his club as I write, although he may even by now have donned the famous colours again. When a player is refused the open-transfer list his only alternative to activity is unemployment, and professional footballers, like everyone else, miss their "packet" at the end of the week. No doubt M'Stay will be giving his old valuable services to the Celtic sooner or later, and in these days the club cannot afford to lose players of his stamp.

A Rovers' Find.

Blackburn Rovers, who have been as badly hit financially as any of the First Division clubs since the war, have turned their attention to junior talent, and I hear very good accounts of a young local centre-forward named Fred Smith. He has shown excellent form in practice matches and if he develops as expected he should make a big name in football.

Cut Adrift.

In recent years Middlesbrough have been unable to escape publicity of a kind which gives the cynics cause for sneering. Twelve months ago Andrew Wilson gave them a lot of anxiety and now Jock Marshall, the Scottish International back, has cut adrift and signed for Llanelly, the Welsh club that tried to get into the English League but failed. It is a pity that such a great player should be lost to top-class football, even if he does get Llanelly into more prominence.

Bolton Pay No Transfer Fees.

Bolton Wanderers, with £9,000 as their share of the semi-final and final for the Cup last season, and a profit of nearly £5,000 on league matches, have not spent a penny in transfer fees. That is a sign of the times. The Wanderers are content to rely upon the old guard, and are wisely continuing their third team idea. Local talent is to be given every encouragement.

Preston's Overdraft.

Preston North End, who have spent more money than most clubs in recent years in their efforts to build up a team, find themselves with a bank overdraft of £12,000. And North End do not look like a championship side. They have to rely too much upon Tom Roberts for their goals, and are in need of a good goal-scoring inside forward. Maybe Sapsford, late of Manchester United, will prove the man. He can shoot.

Raisbeck and Bristol.

Bristol people are delighted that Alec Raisbeck is remaining to control the destinies of the City club. The old Liverpool and Scottish International has reason to be proud of his first season's performance at Bristol in getting the club from the Third Division back to the Second.

Only One Outside-Left.

Sunderland find themselves with only one outside-left on their list—Ellis. He is better than all the outside-lefts some clubs possess put together, but it is a dangerous policy not to have capable substitutes for every position on the field. Bob Kyle, I am sure, will soon see to this matter, and maybe we shall soon hear of another big transfer deal by the Wearsiders.

Hope For Hoddinott.

It is rather remarkable how many players who have failed with certain clubs go to others and succeed immediately. The Crystal Palace are hoping that Hoddinott, of Chelsea, will enter this category. The Welsh International never blended with the Chelsea attack, and Second Division football may suit him better.

Joe Smith's Third.

Joe Smith will captain the cup-holders again, and he will soon qualify for a third benefit at Burnden Park. Though the oldest servant of the club, he was by no means the slowest player they had last season. Joe knows how to conserve his energy, and makes no wild chases after the ball when the odds are very heavy against him getting it. That is commonsense.

A £12,000 Nap!

The new Hospitals Competition organised by the British Charities Association should appeal to almost every sportsman. The chance of winning the £12,000 first prize in a contest of such simplicity will tempt many to enter. And the knowledge that, in any case, you will be helping a deserving cause, should just about clinch the matter. Elsewhere we print full particulars of the competition.

FOOTBALL FORECASTS FOR SEPTEMBER 1.

ENGLISH LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

Home Winners.
Aston Villa, Bolton, Burnley, Chelsea, *Liverpool, *Newcastle, Sheffield United.

Away Winners.
Everton, Spurs.

Draws.
*'Middlesbro' v. Huddersfield, West Ham v. Sunderland.

ENGLISH LEAGUE.—SECOND DIVISION.

Home Winners.
*Barnsley, *Clapton Orient, Leeds, Leicester, Manchester United, Oldham, Southampton.

Away Winners.
*Fulham, *Derby.

Draws.
*Bradford City v. Sheffield Wednesday, Port Vale v. Palace.

THIRD LEAGUE.—NORTHERN.

Home Winners.
*Accrington, *Grimsby, Halifax, Walsall, *Wigan, Wolves.

Away Winners.
Wrexham, *Rochdale, *Bradford.

Draws.
*Crewe v. Southport, Hartlepools v. Barrow.

THIRD LEAGUE.—SOUTHERN.

Home Winners.
*Brighton, *Bristol Rovers, Exeter, *Millwall, Portsmouth, Southend.

Away Winners.
Charlton, *Swindon, Watford.

Draws.
*Brentford v. Rangers, Luton v. Swansea.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(Home Winners.)
Aberdeen, *Celtic, *Hearts, Kilmarnock Raith Rovers.

Away Winners.
*Falkirk.

Draws.
Airdrie v. Ayr, *Motherwell v. Morton.

(Special Selections for coupon purposes are marked with an asterisk.)

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Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

"The Vaccination Myth."

The fact that vaccination may be repeated three or four times in one year and "take" each time is proof that it does not protect against itself. How, then, can it protect against small-pox? The superstition arose thus: In Jenner's time it was believed that everybody had to have small-pox sooner or later, that escape was almost impossible; so babies were inoculated with the disease that they might get it over—or die. When vaccination was introduced as a substitute this practice stopped, and naturally small-pox declined. Jenner's nostrum was not quite so deadly as the actual disease, that is all.—*J. Campbell, Chiswick.*

The Death Sentence.

A coroner, at an inquest on an Arab executed for murder, protested against capital punishment, and advocated instead a "flogging and penal servitude *without hope of remission*." He (the coroner) quoted in his protest: "Capital punishment is little less ridiculous than the Chinese custom of walling-in a parricide with masonry, air-holed to delay death." Which of these sentences is the most barbarous? Hanging is an instantaneous death, the parricide walled in, etc., is death by inches; but penal servitude "*without hope of remission*" is death by the tenths of inches. If we do away with capital punishment, let penal servitude stand as it is now—with every hope of remission after a recognised period of years: give the prisoner something to live for, or kill him outright.—*Hudson, Dumfries.*

Milk Murder.

Milk that is dangerously dirty and therefore entirely unfit to drink, being a menace to public health and a heavy contributor to death-rates, there is an imperative call to authorities to investigate the scandalous condition of many farms. Even dung has been found in milk sold for the use of sick persons. A farm hand has said he has no need to wash his hands; "they are always clean," he says, "when I have finished milking." It is the nation's shame that milk-murder goes on unchecked.—*W. D., Bolton.*

Trade Union Tyranny.

The way British seamen are being tyrannised by their union is perfectly scandalous. If a seaman secures a job on a ship and is back in his payments to the union he is stopped from signing on, although he may have been out of work for months on end. Is it right or feasible that a man, especially if married with a few children to keep, should pay his union 1s. a week out of his dole; and, if so, how he is going to carry on when that is all he gets to keep one child?—*C. A., North Shields.*

Profiteering in Tobacco.

I sympathise with the writer of "A Smoker's Grievance" in your issue of May 5, and ask his and your sympathy for the man who grows his "smoke." I am planting tobacco in Central Africa, and though freights, labour and implements have gone up, with the cost of living over 100 per cent. since the war, I only get the pre-war price for the leaf when sold to the local factory. I imagine our grievances both arise from the fact that the tobacco industry from the buying of the leaf to the manufacture of the cigarette and ounce packet pipe tobacco is in the hands of three big trusts, chiefly controlled by Americans, which regularly show enormous profits.—*Planter, Central Africa.*

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Is Love the Only Guide to Marriage?

Were human nature perfect, love would be the infallible guide to an ideal marriage; but love is so compounded of passion that it tends to destroy will power and break down restraint, thus releasing disruptive forces that play havoc with matrimony. Red-hot affection cannot for long retain its warmth and ardour; and thus when its cooling processes arrive disillusion robs the erstwhile lovers of that degree of happiness to which they had aspired. A safer guide to sustained marital bliss is a union based upon companionship, wherein a couple evince regard and respect for each other coincident with a knowledge of their respective aims, ideas, and philosophy of life. They may not commence as Romeo and Juliet, but they will probably end as Darby and Joan.—*W. J. Flatman, Handsworth, Staffordshire.*

A Filthy Practice.

Publicans are, as a rule, well-meaning, good-hearted fellows who, in spite of many restrictions and difficulties, serve the public well. But there are the unscrupulous who don't care how they make money so long as they get it. One of the worst practices is the reserving up of "leavings." In all large public-houses there are bound to be considerable quantities left in pots and glasses of customers; especially is this the case after the visit of a large and jovial party. With the unscrupulous publican, this is all poured back, especially where porter or stout is sold on draught, and resold to other people. This should be made a criminal offence.—"*Watchman*," *Ivybridge.*

Soldiers' Swearing Parade.

Just now, when there is so much talk about "Games" on Sundays, is an opportune time for some M.P. (ex-Service man for preference) to ask why Church Parades in the Service cannot be voluntary. Surely a padre would rather address 100 men who had attended church of their own free will than 600 who marched there after the most trying parade and thorough inspection of the week. As a soldier well in the teens of my service and a God-fearing man, I am of the opinion that the preparation for this parade causes more swearing than any other.—*Lion, Karachi.*

Turn to page 2 NOW.

The Meanest Action.

An old man, who had for many years held the post of groundsman for a cricket club, gave up the job on reaching the age of 70, and applied for—and got—the old age pension. Some time later the club gave him a "benefit game," and he realised a fair sum from it. Connected with the same club was the local Old Age Pension official. This same official then had the old man brought before the Sheriff, where he had to tell the amount he had received from his "benefit," and the official had the pleasure (?) of getting the old man's pension reduced for a year. Could a worse case of meanness be imagined?—*M. A., Kirkcaldy.*

Insurance Windfalls.

In a letter under this heading, it was stated that "An insured person, on reaching 60, is entitled to a return of his or her contributions with 2½ per cent. interest, less the amount received in unemployment pay."

This is only a partial truth: the fact is that in addition to being 60, a person must also have paid a certain minimum number of contributions, this minimum varying from 500 to nil, according to the person's age, when he or she first became insured. Anyone who is interested should get the leaflet U.T.I.5, by applying to the Ministry of Labour, or to any of its local offices.—*Interested.*

Cruelty to Rabbits.

We read a great deal about cruelty to animals, but very little is ever said about the trapping of rabbits. This is a method of catching these very unfortunate animals which should have been relegated to the past long ago, for the agonies of the poor creatures when "trapped" are beyond description. A penalty should be imposed on users of spring rabbit-traps.—*G. H. L., Devon.*

The Joy in Babies.

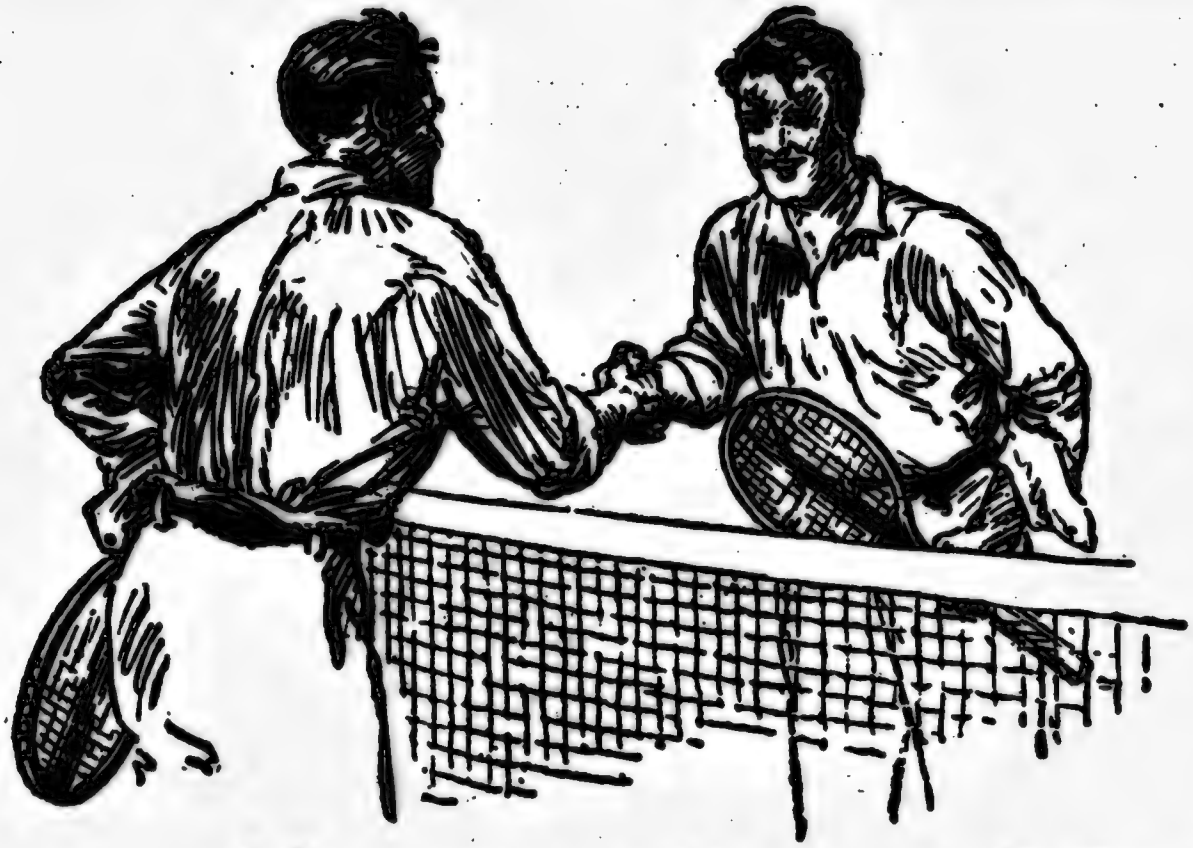
Most certainly babies bring happiness. There is no greater happiness for a womanly woman than motherhood. The married woman who won't have children has let selfishness and conceit get the better of her. As for spoiling her figure, well each age fetches its own beauty. It is not necessary for a wife to be childless to hold a husband's love. As a mother I have had untold happiness from my babies.—*Mrs. M. C., West Hartlepool.*

Foreign Tax-dodgers.

No country imports so many foreign actors and other artistes, and none is quite so lenient to them in the matter of taxation. One is not liable to taxation unless domiciled here for six months, so by judicious skipping back home every five and a half months a foreign artiste avoids taxation altogether and still draws most of his income from this country.—"*Nemesis*," *Bristol.*

Do Babies Bring Happiness?

My matrimonial career commenced in idyllic fashion. Then baby came—and neglect. I was pushed into the background and gradually ousted in favour of the newcomer. I should not have minded this if I could have shared my husband's love, but that was transferred to his little daughter. Then, as other children came, home lost its comfort for its master, and he sought his pleasure elsewhere. The refined cruelty of neglect became my bitter lot. And thousands of other wives in all stations of life share my experience, and must echo my sentiments when I declare that it would have been better for if no child had been born to us.—*Heartbroken, Birmingham.*



After many a Strenuous Rally—

game, set, and match are won. Then thoughts turn instantly to the well-being of hot and tired bodies. Lifebuoy Soap will make the bath worthy of the game—it will lift it up to the health-seeking level—it will give to the body something that water alone cannot add.

The antiseptic properties of Lifebuoy Soap, allied with its fresh and invigorating lather, are pleasing and soothing to tired nerves and muscles. Lifebuoy Soap adds quite a tonic effect to toilet and bath. Club houses should never be without it.

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is given to our friends the public to visit Port Sunlight Works and Village. Tours of the Works can be arranged between the hours 9 a.m. to 11-30 a.m., and 1 p.m. to 4-30 p.m., any weekday except Saturday. Port Sunlight is easily accessible from Liverpool, Birkenhead or Chester.

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L 123—23

John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

JACK (Darwen).—"My favourite fruit is cocoanut. What is Yours?" Peanut.

W. T. (Birmingham).—"I shall never smoke as long as I live." And after that—

MERRY (Leytonstone).—"Hope you enjoyed the nice drop of rain last week." We never drink it.

J. J. (Stamford).—"Are old people interesting?" The Zoo tortoise is on his way to see you.

S. T. R. (Camberley).—"As an artist I have a passion for anything in oils." Have you tried sardines?

M. C. (Cardiff).—"Hundreds of people don't know what new milk is like." Shall we tell them or just keep them guessing?

A. J. (Sydney).—"Why does he write letters to a man named Hickelbloach?" Dunno, unless he wants to tell him something.

S. O. P. (Walsall).—"My wife is a big woman, but I mean to be boss. What shall I do?" Tell her what you did to Colin Bell.

J. C. (Guildford).—"Our politicians are poor weeds to lean against. We have not got any statesmen." We never had—according to fools.

TIRED TIM (Derby).—"I wander about in my spare time and feel like a fish out of water. What can one do?" One can get back in the water.

P. T. O. (Gateshead).—"At the present time there is a great amount of discontent among the unemployed." S'marvellous how these secrets leak out.

BERTIE (Glasgow).—"Some of us are thinking of going over to another kind of job." Be careful you don't push the boat over on the way across.

R. L. (Harrogate).—"If you will send this to the proper quarters the plot might be nipped in the bud." And you might get pinched yourself.

R. B. (Altrincham).—"Too often in our police courts the shady side of human nature is brought out prominently." Have you been pinched, too?

B.Sc. (Leeds).—"The absence of *modus operandi* in some people makes me positively tired." As a matter of fact, it's turned our milk sour more than once.

P. B. (Hunslet).—"I saw a funny man the other day. His nose was all bent." This is a case for tears, not laughter. He probably caught his nose in the door when he was young.

GLADYS (Doncaster).—"I am just 20, said to be pretty, and in fact just the right sort of girl for a good intelligent young man." Obviously some good intelligent young man is neglecting his duty.

J. B. (Dover).—"I think you are just wonderful." The wife will be pleased.

L. N. (Lincoln.—"What's all this twaddle about Britain being decadent?" Merely twaddle.

L. A. R. (Peterborough).—"I am going to send you a long thrilling story." Thanks for the warning.

Miss M. J. (Tooting).—"It's awfully nice to serve in the War Office." What do you serve, the tea or the buns?

GEORGIE (Newcastle).—"I should very much like to meet you before you pass away, you funny devil." Dear me!

SWEET SEVENTEEN (Kensington).—"Once in a while I feel awfully lonely." Make a note of our telephone number.

B. W. (Poland).—"I shall be much obliged for some English news—even if it is elderly." Right. Queen Anne is dead.

CURIOUS (Wigan).—"Why do music-hall comedians always try to poke fun at this place?" Maybe they've been there.

W. H. G. (Ebbw Vale).—"Pleased to see your exposure of music publishers' tricks." You consider it struck the right note.

OLD SCHOOL (Teddington).—"Present-day actors don't take their work seriously." Perhaps it's because they're engaged to play.

A. T. N. (Crosshill).—"Krupp is a multi-millionaire." And we know plenty of people in this country who have made small fortunes out of *Bullets*.

THOUGHTFUL (Edinburgh).—"People in America seem to earn big money." Perhaps it's a sort of compensation for having to live there.

FAULT (Golders Green).—"Tennis brings young people of opposite sexes together." Correct! That's what put the "court" into tennis.

H. A. (Dunbar).—"I think you must be very good-looking." Well, we've been barred from all the beauty competitions for some mysterious reason.

OBSERVANT (Croydon).—"I've just confirmed the old saying that there's a fool born every minute." Thanks. We've sent your address to Bedlam.

T. S. M. (Selkirk).—"I enclose you a copy of a letter I have written to our local paper." Then the enclosure must have escaped before your letter got here.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

P. D. (Liverpool).—"I love apples." That's the old Adam in you.

J. T. (York).—"If I succeed I'm on a fortune." And if you fail, on your uppers.

J. W. (Nottingham).—"Your views don't follow." That's because they go on ahead.

M. A. (Birkenhead).—"Logic teaches common sense." Then why don't you take a course?

WILL K. (Blandford).—"Why shouldn't motorists go at any speed on the open road." They do.

T. B. (Leeds).—"Everyone should dress according to the colour of their hair." How about us? We're bald!

W. B. (Edinburgh).—"Marriage is the natural lot of man and woman." But so often the lot's so little.

DOT (Petworth).—"There's nothing I adore better than a scamper over the Downs in the early morning." Baa-a-a!

E. J. J. (Newport).—"I take much pleasure in writing." And we take much pleasure in reading what you've written.

T. W. P. (Reading).—"My contention is that in every man's life opportunity knocks at his door at least once." Yes, but the milkman waits.

T. BULL (Middlesbrough).—"Take my tip, mind you are not found out." If there's any possible likelihood of your calling on us, we'll most certainly be found out.

K. K. K. (Edinburgh).—"These publications must cease or your office will not be big enough to hold you." We were thinking about having it enlarged anyhow.

D. E. (Lancaster).—"I take it for granted that the tipster's circulars I constantly receive are frauds." Yes, sir! In many cases you may take it that the circular isn't square.

MAISIE (Herne Hill).—"I should simply love to have a cup of tea with you one afternoon. Do you mind if I drop in?" Not at all. We'll get the builders busy at once removing the roof.

J. L. (Galashiels).—"I'm sure there are many gentlemen of good positions who have cursed the night they set foot in a dancing hall." We wondered why the gent we met the other night was swearing so much.

H. J. F. (Manchester).—"I cannot restrain myself from writing to thank you warmly for smiting the multifarious wrongs of to-day." The man on the staff responsible for this particular form of smiting is smothered in blushes.

PED (Maida Vale).—"After a shower of rain the streets get infernally greasy." Perhaps that's because the rain has been dripping.

O. C. W. (Wakefield).—"I lack the money sense." We lack the money.

K. C. (Ilford).—"I'm an engineer." Then you're among the nuts.

W. S. (Liverpool).—"I get younger every day." Now then! Don't be childish.

S. K. (Darlington).—"Words fail me." Possibly because you're bankrupt of ideas.

P. T. (Uxbridge).—"Man must work to get bread." But so many prefer a long loaf.

R. R. (Bradford).—"Building materials continue to go up." But the buildings don't.

C. M. (Manchester).—"Where is the great teetotal song?" What about "Bubbles"?

A. W. (Salisbury).—"My rest has been broken lately." Then you should fall asleep more gently.

ROMA (Bridlington).—"I love reading poetry." So long as you don't read it to us, we don't mind.

G. E. S. (Keighley).—"The law is no respecter of persons." And the criminal no respecter of laws.

F. R. (Falmouth).—"It pains me to communicate with fools." It doesn't us. So send in your questions.

T. D. T. (Widnes).—"The new style of dancing makes me tired." Then you shouldn't do so much of it.

J. L. (Spennymoor).—"If you weren't yourself who would you most like to be?" The wife's husband.

C. S. (Hanwell).—"I refuse to play second fiddle to my wife." We're not even allowed in the orchestra.

B. N. (Neath).—"Scotland's all right for scenery, so far as it goes." And it goes right up to John o' Groats.

W. M. B. (Leicester).—"This half-baked country is done." No, sir! If it's half-boiled it's decidedly underdone.

K H. H. (Dalston).—"Travel broadens a man." Unless he travels by excursion, then he's apt to be flattened out.

J. P. J. (Manchester).—"Control the number of coloured immigrants." And export a good many already here.

BADGE 1054 (Brixton).—"It is impossible to reduce taxi fares at present." Then we'll have to keep on walking.

G. T. (Cromer).—"I must say my wife makes her clothes last." Ours doesn't make hers at all; we've to buy 'em.

W. J. P. (Hellifield).—"Six hours work a day would satisfy most men." But would it satisfy most men's wives?

TERF (Govanhill).—"I can claim for myself a place in the sun." So long as you don't put us in the shade, we don't mind.

G. A. (Sudbury).—"Holidays only interfere with business." And we always imagined that seaside people were busiest then!

D. S. F. (Russell Square).—"Now is the time for the middle class to get together." And that's all they're likely to get.

W. J. (Leigh).—"Every one of my wife's relatives, without exception, has gone bankrupt." Sounds like a family failing to us.

R. C. V. (Lancaster).—"He had only dry fish left and was most impertinent because I wouldn't buy any." Don't worry! The man had no sole and was clearly out of plaice.

T. O. (Horndon).—"The cows have to stand out in the pouring rain without shelter." And judging by the quality of the milk we've been getting lately, quite a lot of it has soaked through.

WARBAL (Dalmuir).—"Most people would like Sunday to be a day of revelry." Not so. Most people would like Sunday to be a day on which they can do what pleases them to.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

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ALL FOOT TROUBLES

(MEDICATED AND OXYGENATED WATER)

YOU have only to dissolve a small handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a hot foot bath and rest your feet in this for a few minutes. Then, Presto! Away go all your foot afflictions, almost as if by magic.

The medicated and oxygenated foot bath prepared as above has a truly marvellous curative action upon all kinds of foot troubles, immediately relieving them, even in their worst forms. Every sensation of burning, chafing and bruising, all swelling, stiffness and inflammation, *any* sort of corn, callous or other foot torture, will soon be only an unpleasant memory of the past.

Reudel Bath Saltrates is sold by all chemists everywhere, prices being only 2/- a half-pound and 3/3 a pound. Satisfaction is guaranteed every user or money back immediately and without question.

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OVER 200 DOCTORS & 1,200 PATIENTS PRAISE NEW "TOGAL" REMEDY.

Spreading like wildfire everywhere is the good news of the new "Togal" remedy that brings quick and lasting relief from Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Influenza and Headaches.

Over 200 well-known doctors who have tried "Togal" (many personally and in their practices) praise it most highly, as also over 1,200 of their patients.

Remarkable, indeed, is the rapidity with which "Togal" eases aches and pains, while a few days' regular treatment with it banishes stiffness, swelling and soreness. There's nothing so extraordinarily effective as "Togal" *for Instant and Lasting Relief.*

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That's due to weak stomach—indigestion! You need Bisurated Magnesia, as prescribed by doctors and used in hospitals. Quite harmless, but it positively prevents all possibility of pain or stops it instantly if it has started. Try Bisurated Magnesia *once* and see the difference at your next meal. 1s. 3d. at all chemists, and would be cheap at six times the price! When buying see the word "*Bisurated*" on the package, and get *the kind the doctors take themselves.*

YOU MAY FIND SOMETHING TO YOUR ADVANTAGE IN THE **SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING,** *See page 3.*

BEAUTY SPECIALIST TELLS SECRET

A Beauty Specialist Gives Home-Made Recipe to Darken Grey Hair.

Mrs. M. D. Gillespie, a well-known beauty specialist, recently gave out the following statement regarding grey hair:

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and ½ ounce of glycerine.

"These ingredients can be purchased at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a grey-haired person look twenty years younger. It does not colour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off."

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Guaranteed by BOVRIL, Ltd.

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Enter for the New Hospitals Competition. You and your family and friends can spend a happy hour deciding "which are the Best Bovril Posters."

Fill in the Coupon below and get a set of the Poster pictures to-day. You can use them like a pack of cards, and arrange them and rearrange them until you feel you are satisfied. It is an interesting game, yet it is simple enough to give everyone a chance.

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I enclose a donation of £ . . Please send me tickets for the new £30,000 Prize Competition. One ticket will be sent for each 5s. given.

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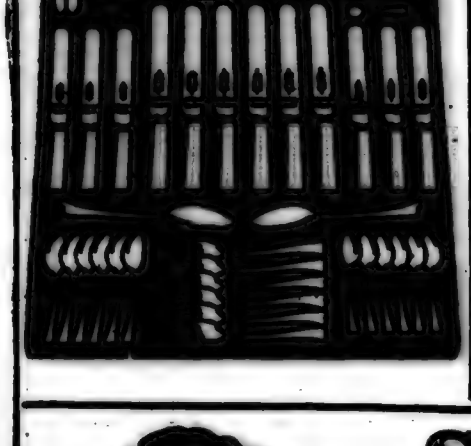

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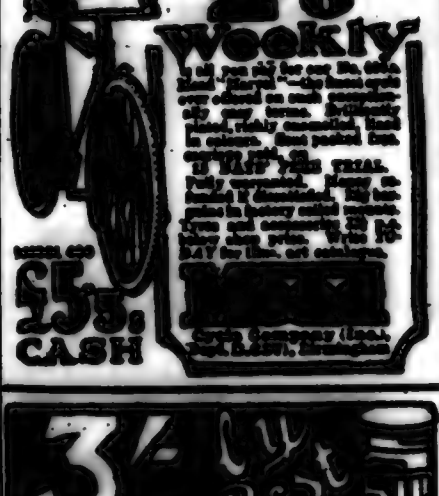

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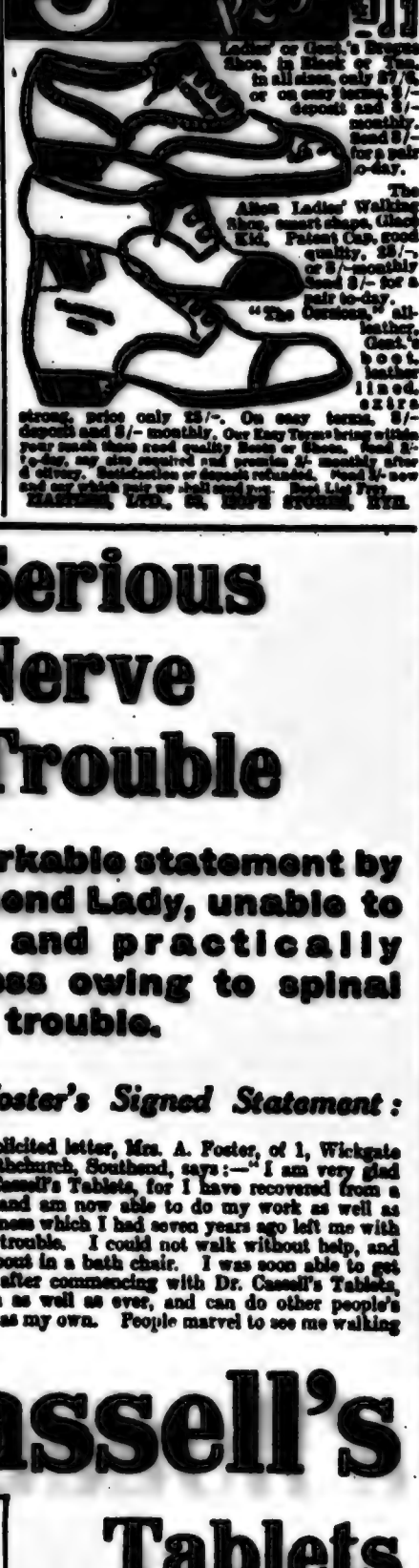

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Serious Nerve Trouble

Remarkable statement by Southend Lady, unable to walk, and practically helpless owing to spinal nerve trouble.

TAKE TWO AT BEDTIME and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nerves	Anæmia
Breakdown	Palpitation
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Sleeplessness	Children's
Neurasthenia	Weakness
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Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Mrs. Foster's Signed Statement:

In an unsolicited letter, Mrs. A. Foster, of 1, Wickgate Cottage, Southchurch, Southend, says:—"I am very glad I took Dr. Cassell's Tablets, for I have recovered from a long illness, and am now able to do my work as well as ever. An illness which I had seven years ago left me with spinal nerve trouble. I could not walk without help, and was taken about in a bath chair. I was soon able to get about alone after commencing with Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and now am as well as ever, and can do other people's work as well as my own. People marvel to see me walking about."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices 1/3 and 3/-
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

GOVERNMENT THROW-OUTS

Men Trained to Trades and Left to Beg

"THE Greatest of These—" Fund was not instituted to supplant the payment of the nation's obligations to its disabled heroes, but in consequence of the shameful parsimony which seems to govern every nation of the Ministry of Pensions and the Ministry of Labour, those twin Departments of meanness and muddle, we have frequently been called upon to afford immediate temporary relief in cases of great distress caused through their methods.

Many of these cases relate to disabled ex-Service men who have been taken into Government Instructional Factories to be trained in various vocations.

It is commonly supposed that these men after undergoing training are placed in situations under Government auspices. This is very far from the truth.

We may instance the case of a young man who called upon us last week.

He was disabled in France by a gun-shot wound in the right leg, in respect of which he draws a disability pension of eight shillings a week. He was sent to the Government Instructional Factory at Camden Town to be trained as a motor-car body builder. He learned all that they could teach him from December, 1921, till May, 1922.

He was distinctly given to understand that on completion of his training every possible assistance would be given him to find employment. As a matter of fact he has now been out of work, tramping the streets in search of a job, for sixteen months.

When he went to this Government Factory he was told that no Unemployment Insurance Contributions were payable, and in consequence he has no card and cannot obtain unemployment pay.

When he left the Factory he had saved a little money from his allowances, and got married in the anticipation that he would soon be self-supporting.

Now he has come to the end of his resources, and has been turned out of his home. On applying to the Guardians for relief to supplement his pittance of eight shillings a week, he was offered accommodation in the workhouse!

On the recommendation of a Member of Parliament who has frequently assisted us in cases of a like character, we have relieved his immediate wants.

This is but one of many wounded heroes who are forced to come to us for help. Of your charity we pray you to give us the means to help more of them.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"New Village," 6d.; "Stonehaven," 11d.; "Mother," 1s.; "Halifax Road," 1s. 6d.; "Olly's Ninth," 1s.; "Disabled" (Scots.), 5d.; "Dinky's Ninth," 7d.; K. Parr, 4½d.; "Wellwisher," 1s. 9d., T. T., 1s.; "Father of Seven," 2s.; "Brummy," 1s.; "Ferryhill Reader," 1s. 6d.; "Wrexham," 10d.; "Rowley Mile," 1s.; "No Free," 1s. 1d.; A. J. O., 1s. 1d.; "Rudge's Ninth," 7½d.; Miss Fallison, 10s.; "Margery," 1s.; "A Reader," 2s. 6d.; G. L. B., 3d.; "Paperhanger's Ninth," 7½d.; "Edmonton Lassie," 2s. 6d.; "Sandusky," 1s. 7½d.; "Peanut," 1s. 6d.; "St. Kilda Road," £1; T. S. P., 6d.; "Dad," 1s. 9d.; H. S., 3d.; G. A., 1s. 1½d.; "Plumber," 10d.; E. Roy-Smith, £2; "Lowestoft," 1s.; "Magic Ninth," 3s. 1½d.; "Harrogate," 1s. 6½d.; "A Lucky Dog," 1s. 2d.; "Spot's Ninth," 6d.; "First Ninth," 7d.; "Well-wisher," 2d.; "Fred," 1s.; "Sylla," 2s. 6d.; J. S. K., 4s. 2d.; "A Widow," 6s. 3d.; "Magpies," 4½d.; "White Kittens," 2s. 6d.; J. E. W., 4½d.; "Betty," 2s.; G. C., 9d.; "Abertillery," 1½d.; "Wellwisher," 7d.; "Hopeful Bachelor," 1s.; A. R. Bloxham, 2s.; A. W. W., 2s. 3d.; A. A. C., 4d.; A. H. P., 1s. 2d.; "Chow-Chow," 1s.; "Reuben," 2s.; "Unlucky First Ninth," 2s. 3½d.; P. J. C., 1s.; X. Y. Z., 1s.; "Avero," 2s.; "Hopeful Joe," 7½d.; "Chichester," 1s.; "Clifford," 1s. 10½d.; Miss Carter, 6d.; X. Y. Z., 5s.; "Lucky Lad," 1s.; "Bullite," 1s.; "My Ninth," 7d.; "Hopeful," 1s.; "One Ninth," 4d.; "Bonhill," 10d.; "Seton," 4s. 6d.; E. H. T. R., 1s. 3d.; J. R. H., 4s.; E. Pink, 1s. 6d.; "Smiler," 4d.; "Ashurst," 6s.; "Nipper's Ninth," 8d.; "Flo's Ninth," 1s. 1½d.; "Bristolian," 1s.; "Wellwisher," 1s.; J. W. W., 3d.; "Luck-seeker," 3d.; C. C., 6d.; E. D. J. Milland, 9d.; "Hope," 1s. 6d.; "Speedman," 7s.; "Unlucky Bulleteer," 10d.; C. S. Ichang, £1 4s. 6½d.; J. W. Ichang, £1 4s. 6½d.; "Gengrel," 4½d.; G. B., 5s.; "Jack and Susie," 9d.; "Registered Reader," 9d.; "Motherwell," 1s. 4½d.; "Just a Trifle," 10d.; C. Plowman, 4 dollars; "Muscutt," 1s. 11½d.; "Hamilton," 1s.; J. W. H., 1s. 6d.; D. Corbett, 9d.; "Middlewich," 2s.; "Hope," 6d.; M. S., 1s. 9d.; Mrs. A. C., 8d.; "Brown Edge," 1s.; D. E. (Llanelly), 1s. 6d.; "Unemployed," 6d.; M. Nisbett, 1s.; "Thankful," 9d.; "Believer," 1s. 3d.; A. B. W., 1s. 6d.; Bill, 1s. 2d.; R. Troward, 1s. 3d.; B. M., 2s.; W. Clapshaw, 2s. 6d.; "Mother's Mite," 9d.; "Pensionless Widow," 1s. 6d.; L. T., 9d.; "Brummagem Button," 2s. 9d.; "Josephine," 1s. 3d.; "A. Ninth," 2s. 6d.; E. H. W., 2s.; "S. W.'s Miner," 7d.; "Mynlath," 1s.; A. C., 3d.; "Nathanael," 6½dd.; "Jambhi," 7d.; W. L., 7d.; "Bronick," 1s. 6d.; "Tut," 6d.; "Barnby," 2s. 6d.; "To a Friend from a Friend," 1s.; "Unemployed," 3d.; J. Livesey, 1s.; O. T., 1s.; "Widow O.," 2s. 6d.; "Widower's Ninth," 2s. 9½d.; "1921," 3d.; "Fareham," 6d.; "Bob's Ninth," 1s.; "Argo," 10½d.; "Unlucky," 9d.; "Ninth" (Dover), 2½d.; "Luck," 10d.; "Bad Seller," 5d.; "Forest Gate," 2s. 3d.; "Bromsbridge," 7½d.; R. R. J., 10s.; D. B. 1402, 4s. 1d.; "Desperate," 1s. 3d.; "Sutton-in-Ashfield," 1s. 3d.; R. D. and F. A. T., 2s.; H. C. Smith, parcel; "Floss" (Brighton), 2s. 6d.; "Widow" (Worthing), 7d.; "Gosforth," 1s.; D. I. T., 2½d.; "An Old Age Pensioner," 3d.; R. K., 1s. 2d.; J. A. Connolly, 10½d.; "Good Luck," 1s. 1½d.; A. R. Bulla, 1s.; "Greatest of These Ninth," 7d.; "Desperandum," 6d.; "Magic Ninth," 4½d.; "Target 677," 3s.; "A Ninth," 9d.; "Hopeful," 1½d.; "Clowden," 2s. 2d.; E. B., 2s. 6d.; A. G. T., 1s. 1½d.; Mrs. Mitchell, 1s.; "Southampton," 2s.; "Appeal Ninth," 1s. 9d.; "Stewart," 2s. 6d.; "Wimer," 1s. 1½d.; "Nayland Ninth," 1s. 2d.; A. Bell, 1s. 3d.; "Bell's Ninth," 6d.; "Sussex," 1s. 4½d.; "Unsuccessful Bulleteer," 1s. 3d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

(Continued from page 27.)

St. James' Rd., Sutton; A. C. Rich, 9, Dalgaire Rd., Guernsey; Miss K. Robinson, 20, King's Rd., Bexley Pk., Me.; Gunner T. Royle, Royal Artillery Band, Woolwich, S.E.; A. E. Sawyer, 53, Allfarthing Lane, Wandsworth, S.W.; J. Hall Scratton, 63, Kenny St., Bentley, M/c.; H. E. Skillern, 36, Beaconsfield, Lordship Lane, Tottenham, N.; R. Smith, 13, Bushnell Rd., Balham, S.W.; F. Smith, 27, Salisbury Rd., Exeter; H. E. Smith, 10, Wimborne St., Radford, Notts.; Miss M. C. Smith, 7, Antrim Mansions, Haverstock Hill, N.W.; W. A. Smith, 104, Kingsland Cres., Barry Dock, Glam.; H. Spencer, 7, Gotts Mount, Dewsbury Rd., Leeds.; W. Spencer, Ivanhoe, Bingley, Yorks.; F. Thornton, 9, Southern Rd., Southport; E. Tomlinson, 32, Church Rd., Stanmore, Mr. Chesterfield; Mrs. A. Treglinas, 67, East St., Stonehouse, Plymouth; W. S. Walker, 2, Hicks Terr., Edentown, Carlisle; S. H. Welch, 16, Gregory Av., Brightmet, Bolton; Mrs. E. M. Whitmore, Cold House, Monk's Heigh, Ipswich; H. Wick, c.o. Royal Legion, 13, Rue de Berger, Brussels-Ixelles; E. Wilkinson, 44, Biddlestone Rd., Holloway, N.; A. Williamson, 67, Salisbury St., Hull; A. C. Wilson, 11, Beech Walk, Crayford, Kent; S. J. Wright, 8, Killimer Av., Streatham Hill, S.W.; F. Young, 13, High St., Brentford, W.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 492.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

Mr. JOHN S. MACNAB,
3, Valleyfield Street, Edinburgh.

Example:—SUNDAY GAMES
Bullet:—AND "PRAY"—WHY NOT?

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

REV. ROBERT E. SAVE,
Stapleton Rectory, Swanmore Abbot, Norwich.

Example:—IN THE SWIM
Bullet:—"AFTER "PULLING THINGS OFF."
(Sent in on "Target" prize coupon).

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mrs. H. G. CLAYTON,
Stony Hill, West Street, Chorley, Lancs.

Example:—A MENACE
Bullet:—BEHEADED ONCE—KNIGHTED NOW.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

J. BURSON, 27, Hill Street, Ipswich: HOT SPELL—WHEN THE "COUNTRY CALLS."
W. J. SPRINTALL, 23, Arthur St., West Hartlepool: WHAT FRANCE EXPECTS—PETROL TO EXTINGUISH FIRE. (Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon).
W. J. H. WEEKES, Cam Brae, Cefn, near Merthyr: SENSELESS POVERTY SEEN THROUGH LORGNETTE.
H. H. SYKES, 42, New Street, Ramsbury: HOT SPELL—BUT BALDWIN'S "KEEPING COOL."
T. HOPE, 38, Clayton Str. t, Jarrow-on-Tyne: NOT NOTICED—WHEN TEETOTALLER DIED YOUNG.
H. GURST, 7, Somerset Street, Talbach, Port Talbot, S. Wales: OUR WAY—"GIVE ROPE"—TUG OCCASIONALLY.
C. CAMERON, High Street, Holywood, Co. Down: REPARATIONS—LABOUR WARS—WHO PAYS?
W. FARRAR, Chapelthorpe, near Wakefield, Yorks: GOOD AS GOLD—NUGGETS ONCE THOUGHT BEADS.
A. SIGON, 48, Nelson Street, Norwich: TAKEN FOR GRANTED—CONSTITUENTS APPROVE CROSSING FLOOR.
T. F. TATHAM, 103, Queen's Road, West Croydon: SENSELESS—SAVING SECONDS—RISKING LIFE.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

W. N. PEARCE, 81, Antill Road; Bow, London, E.3.: NOT NOTICED—DISABILITY, IF LIMBS INTACT.
Miss JANE HUGHES, 144, Morley St., St. Helens, Lancs.: NOT SO SLOW—FROM STATION TO BEACH.
Mrs. F. WOOLSTON, 14, Cripley Road, Oxford: TAKEN FOR GRANTED—BUYING MOTOR INCLUDES ROADS. (Sent in on "Target" Prize coupon).
J. T. CLEMENTS, 47, Grosvenor Terrace, Lewisham, S.E.5: A MENACE—MUSEUM OFFICIALS IMAGINE UMBRELLAS.
H. WALLIKER, 113, Dock Street, Newport, Mon.: WIDE CHOICE CURTAILED HONEYMOON—MORE FURNITURE.
W. H. LIDDIARD, Beachworth, Wantage, Berks: NOT NOTICED—UNTIL SUCCESSFUL—NAPOLEONIC PROFILE.
Mrs. KATE SEALEY, 18, Bruce Street, Cambridge: EASY—FROM LAGGARD TO LAG.
P. HARGREAVES, 17, Osborne Road, Mont Road, Leicester: MAKING LOVE—OUTLAST ROMANCE, OFTEN DIFFICULT.
F. W. ANDREWS, 7, Dunraven Avenue, Salfords, Horley, Surrey: NOT SO SLOW—HAWKING "NO HAWKERS" PLATES.
Mrs. J. RUSH, 146, Eaves Lane, Chorley, Lancs.: NOT SO SLOW—SUNDAYS—JUST AS RIGHTEOUS.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

M. J. Alford, 113, Sankey St., Warrington; C. Anderson, 21, Thornville Cres., Beeston Hill Rd., Leeds; H. Beckley, 261, Neville Rd., Forest Gate; D. Benbow, 7, Chalfont Rd., South Norwood; E. J. Bennett, 28, Castle Rd., New Brighton; Miss D. A. Berry, 53, Victoria Rd., Scarborough; A. V. Bion, c.o. S., Belgrave Rd., Cambridge; H. Block, 34a, Exeter St., Brighton; A. W. Bradgate, 25, The Gardens, East Dulwich; Mrs. A. Brining, 23, Marshall St., Crossgates, Leeds; Miss E. Broom, 194, Tong Moor Rd., Bolton; P. Brownlee, 48, Torphichen St., Edinburgh; E. T. Bullock, 14, Agnes St., Silvertown, E.; Miss L. Carey, c.o. Mrs. Yeo, Preventatives Cott., Fowey; S. J. Charlton, 84, Catherine's Lighthouse, Milton, I.O.W.; R. C. Cole, 7, Liddon Rd., Bromley, Kent; R. Conway, 15, Pitsmoor Rd., Pitsmoor Park, N.; S. R. Cook, 15, Hillside Rd., Stamford Hill, N.; F. A. Cook, Kinson Rd., East Howe, Bournemouth; Mrs. L. Crick, 112, Brownlow Rd., New Southgate, London; F. Cunliffe, 3, Jubilee Av., Broad Green, Liverpool; T. D. Davies, 25, Pembroke Av., Barry Port, S. Wales; R. Davis, 7, Wellington St., Aldershot; Mrs. L. A. Day, 77, West Banks, Stanford; F. Dickenson, 46, Avenue, Leigh, Lancs.; Miss E. Dickson, 171, Albert Rd., Widnes; Miss L. Durk, 4, Mortimer St., Trowbridge; P. Everton, 27, Lawson St., Stillington, Co. Durham; S. Evans, 8, Aigburth Av., St. George's Rd., Hull; W. Eveleigh, 9, Gt. Newport St., W.C.; Miss A. Farrer (Drapery Stores), Canonside, Burnley; D. Dudley-Fletcher, 30, Nelson St., C.-on-M., Manchester; C. F. George, 38, Kilgerrig St., South, Cardiff; G. H. Glover, 27, Brunswick Rd., Pudsey, Nr. Leeds; A. Gray, 23, Industry Rd., Darwell, Stanfield; Mrs. M. Greenhalgh, 16, Delamere Rd., Ainsdale, Southport; R. Greenwood, 8, Sunny Bank, Woodhouse, Baildon, Yorks.; Miss B. Gurney, Percy Villa, Station Rd., Herne Bay; W. Harling, c.o. 214, Gamecock Rd., Glasgow; Miss M. Hawkins, 181, Enderide Rd., Sheffield; Miss A. Herbert, Sunny Bank, Mountain Ash; A. Howard, 221, Cannon St., Middlesbrough; H. W. Heward, 102, Regent St., Cambridge; Miss H. Hope, c.o. 17, Sheffield Rd., South Anston, Sheffield; H. Hobbs, 47, Fairlawn Mans., New Cross, S.E.; G. F. Hodges, 7, Percy Av., Whitley Bay; O. Hodgkies, 168, Heathfield Rd., Handsworth, Birm.:

(Continued in next Column.)

BULLETS' 1ST PRIZE £1,000

10 £5 | 2nd Prize £100 | 3rd Prize £50 | 200 5/-
10 £10 | 100 Prizes of £1 | 1000 2/6
5000

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 496.

OUR WEAKNESS
THE HARVEST
UP TO LONDON
REIGN OF TERROR
FORESHADOWING
ATTACKING BRITAIN
IN THE SHADE
SEAMY SIDE
HALF THE BATTLE
SUCCESS
IN HER EYES
TOO LATE
A SHOWER
CRITICAL HOUR
IRONY OF FATE
IN WRONG HANDS
SCATTERED
NEARER HOME
DROPPING A HINT
MAN WHO PAYS
NATURALLY
AFTER A LITTLE
ONE OR TWO
FADING AWAY
AN ACCIDENT
JUST AS GOOD
PAYING HOLIDAY
ABOUT TIME
FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS
AT LARGE
ON THE JURY
SOMETHING NEW
MY JOB
GETTING RECKLESS
A REMEDY
NOTHING TO DO
FINDING FRIENDS
WHISTLING
LOSING LOVE
NOBODY'S FAULT

(Continued from previous column.)

E. Holte, 22, Clarendon Rd., Dover; Miss L. Houston, 58, Cranston St., Glasgow; S. G. Howson, 181, High St., Uxbridge; C. Hubbard, 166, Putney Bridge Rd., S.W.; A. J. Hull, Queen's Hotel (staff), Birmingham; Mrs. F. Hunsdill, 29, Cronkhourne Village, Bourne, I.O.M.; A. Huntington, Wheelock, Sandbach, Cheshire; E. Ilen, c.o. 2, Rose Towers, Wick Rd., St. Anne's Pk., Bristol; C. H. Ingram, 24, Hornsey Rd., Anfield, Liverpool; W. Jordan, 79, Victoria Av., Newport, Mon.; W. Kershaw, 125, Lees Rd., Oldham; J. Kinnear, 4, Ashley Rd., Alton; Miss O. Lechar, 144a, Sutherland Av., Maida Vale, W.; W. R. Love, 3, Back Queen St., West Vale, Nr. Halifax; G. E. Macfarlane, 17, Hyde Av., West Kirby; Mrs. McGill, 33, Gladstone St., Birkenhead; E. J. Mudd, 62, Campbell St., Anlaby Rd., Hull; B. Markwell, 4b, Bond St., Newmarket; H. R. Matthews, 194, Stanford Av., Brighton; G. Midgley, 34, Bedford St., Moss Side, M/c.; E. T. Miller, 5a, King St., Southsea; C. K. Moss, Cowgrove, Nr. Bristol; Mrs. A. Nash, 60, Princess Rd., Kilburn, N.W.; Mrs. Oliver, 82, Kids Nursing Home, London Rd., Newbury; Mrs. J. Ord, 9, West View, Ashington, Northumberland; E. E. Perry, Bramcote, St. Austell, Cornwall; W. Ray 12, Glover St., Crewe; P. M. Reynolds, "Denver,"

(Continued on opposite page.)

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS. Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—A MOCKERY *Bullet*:—HOUSELESS BRICKLAYER DRAWING DOLE. *Example*:—SURE THING *Bullet*:—"WINDFALL" SAVES "CLIMBING TREE." *Example*:—YOUNG MAN'S FANCY *Bullet*:—IF PRINCE WEARS IT. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 496, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 6.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(496) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 6.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(496) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 6.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(496) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 6.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(496) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 492.

EUROPE'S PLIGHT—SEEING DAYLIGHT—SARDINES—QUITE A CHANCE—GOING ROUND—1877—HER HUSBAND—GOSSAMER—EXPECTING A LOT—ONE DAY—A DARWIN—ON HER SHOULDERS—MOTHER'S DARLING—SAVING HOME—INTERMATED—OLD FOOL—BROKEN DOWN—COLLECTING—AT THE WHEEL—COST OF LIVING.

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, SEPT. 13. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 496 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 496, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Forty Examples for Competition No. 496.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 492 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

GRAVES

STAINLESS CUTLERY AND SILVER-QUALITY TABLE PLATE.

This Direct-from-Factory offer brings the luxury of genuine Stainless Cutlery & silver-plate Table Plate within the reach of all.

FINEST CUTLERY VALUE IN THE WORLD

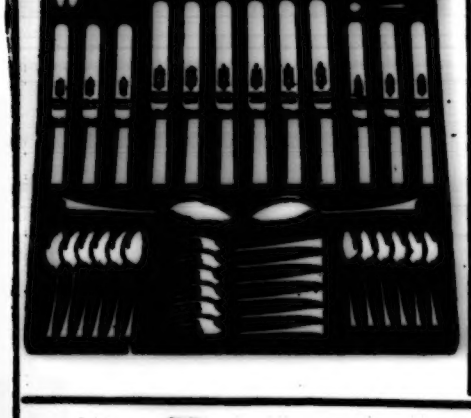
The Stainless Steel Blades have beautifully polished ivory-grained handles. The Spoons & Forks are of Canadian Silver which is supported to wear white all through and to be unaffected by acid foods or exposure to air. The complete service (without case) £3 15 : 6

5/- WITH ORDER

We Deliver the Graves 'PERFECTA' Service comprising 66 pieces as illustrated, carriage paid to approved orders received of £3. with order. The balance is payable in 12 Monthly Payments of £5- If you are entirely satisfied, Money instantly refunded if you are disappointed.

Write for Catalogue of genuine Sheffield Cutlery including stainless specialities & Electro-Silver Table Plate

S. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

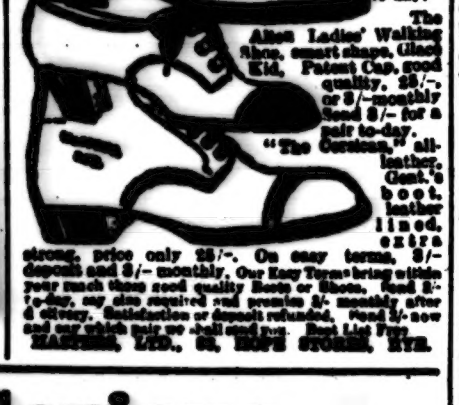


2/6 Weekly

CASH £5 5s.

3/- by post

Ladies' or Gent.'s Brogue Shoe, in Black or Tan, in all sizes, only 27/6, or on easy terms, 3/- deposit and 3/- monthly. Send 3/- for a pair to-day.



The Allen Ladies' Walking Shoe, smart shape, Black Kid, Patent Cap, good quality, 25/-, or 3/- monthly Send 3/- for a pair to-day.

"The Corsican," all-leather, Gent.'s boot, leather lined, extra strong, price only 25/-. On easy terms, 3/- deposit and 3/- monthly. Our Easy Terms bring within your reach these good quality Boots or Shoes. Send 3/- to-day, say size required and promise 3/- monthly after 4 days. Satisfaction or deposit refunded. Send 3/- now and our which pair we shall send you. Post List Free.

MASTERS, LTD., 88, HOPE STORES, RYE.

GOVERNMENT THROW-OUTS

Men Trained to Trades and Left to Beg

"THE Greatest of These—" Fund was not instituted to supplant the payment of the nation's obligations to its disabled heroes, but in consequence of the shameful parsimony which seems to govern every nation of the Ministry of Pensions and the Ministry of Labour, those twin Departments of meanness and muddle, we have frequently been called upon to afford immediate temporary relief in cases of great distress caused through their methods.

Many of these cases relate to disabled ex-Service men who have been taken into Government Instructional Factories to be trained in various vocations.

It is commonly supposed that these men after undergoing training are placed in situations under Government auspices. This is very far from the truth.

We may instance the case of a young man who called upon us last week.

He was disabled in France by a gun-shot wound in the right leg, in respect of which he draws a disability pension of eight shillings a week. He was sent to the Government Instructional Factory at Camden Town to be trained as a motor-car body builder. He learned all that they could teach him from December, 1921, till May, 1922.

He was distinctly given to understand that on completion of his training every possible assistance would be given him to find employment. As a matter of fact he has now been out of work, tramping the streets in search of a job, for sixteen months.

When he went to this Government Factory he was told that no Unemployment Insurance Contributions were payable, and in consequence he has no card and cannot obtain unemployment pay.

When he left the Factory he had saved a little money from his allowances, and got married in the anticipation that he would soon be self-supporting.

Now he has come to the end of his resources, and has been turned out of his home. On applying to the Guardians for relief to supplement his pittance of eight shillings a week, he was offered accommodation in the workhouse!

On the recommendation of a Member of Parliament who has frequently assisted us in cases of a like character, we have relieved his immediate wants.

This is but one of many wounded heroes who are forced to come to us for help. Of your charity we pray you to give us the means to help more of them.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"New Village," 6d.; "Stonehaven," 11d.; "Mother," 1s.; "Halifax Road," 1s. 6d.; "Olly's Ninth," 1s.; "Disabled" (Som.), 5d.; "Dinky's Ninth," 7d.; E. Parr, 4½d.; "Wellwisher," 1s. 9d., T. T., 1s.; "Father of Seven," 2s.; "Brummy," 1s.; "Ferryhill Reader," 1s. 4d.; "Wrexham," 10d.; "Bowley Mile," 1s.; "We Free," 1s. 1d.; A. J. O., 1s. 1d.; "Rudge's Ninth," 7½d.; Miss Fullison, 10s.; "Margery," 1s.; "A Reader," 2s. 6d.; G. L. B., 3d.; "Pepsehanger's Ninth," 7½d.; "Edmonton Lassie," 2s. 6d.; "Sandusky," 1s. 7½d.; "Rennat," 1s. 6d.; "St. Kilda Road," £1; T. S. P., 6d.; "Dad," 1s. 9d.; H. S., 3d.; G. A., 1s. 1½d.; "Plumber," 10d.; E. Rosy-Smith, £2; "Lowestoft," 1s.; "Magic Ninth," 3s. 1½d.; "Harrogate," 1s. 6½d.; "A Lucky Dog," 1s. 2d.; "Spot's Ninth," 6d.; "First Ninth," 7d.; "Well-wisher," 2d.; "Fred," 1s.; "Sylla," 2s. 6d.; J. S. K., 4s. 2d.; "A Widow," 6s. 3d.; "Muggins," 4½d.; "White Kittens," 2s. 6d.; J. E. W., 4½d.; "Betty," 3s.; O. C., 8d.; "Abertillery," 1½d.; "Wellwisher," 7d.; "Hopeful Bachelor," 1s.; A. R. Bloxham, 2s.; A. W. W., 2s. 3d.; A. A. C., 4d.; A. H. P., 1s. 2d.; "Chow-Chow," 1s.; "Reuben," 2s.; "Unlucky First Ninth," 2s. 3½d.; P. J. C., 1s.; X. Y. Z., 1s.; "Avero," 2s.; "Hopeful Joe," 7½d.; "Chichester," 1s.; "Clifford," 1s. 10½d.; Mrs. Carter, 6d.; X. Y. Z., 5s.; "Lucky Lad," 1s.; "Bullite," 1s.; "My Ninth," 7d.; "Hopeful," 1s.; "One Ninth," 4d.; "Bonhill," 10d.; "Seton," 4s. 3d.; B. H. T. R., 1s. 3d.; J. R. H., 4s.; R. Fink, 1s. 6d.; "Smiler," 4d.; "Ashurst," 6s.; "Nipper's Ninth," 8d.; "Flo's Ninth," 1s. 1½d.; "Bristolian," 1s.; "Wellwisher," 1s.; J. W. W., 3d.; "Luck-seeker," 5d.; C. C., 6d.; E. D. J. Milland, 9d.; "Hope," 1s. 6d.; "Speed-man," 7s.; "Unlucky Bulleteer," 10d.; C. S. Ichang, £1 4s. 6½d.; J. W. Ichang, £1 4s. 6½d.; "Gangrel," 4½d.; G. B., 5s.; "Jack and Susie," 9d.; "Registered Reader," 2d.; "Motherwell," 1s. 4½d.; "Just a Trifle," 10d.; C. Plowman, 5 dollars; "Muscutt," 1s. 1½d.; "Hamilton," 1s. 4d. W. H., 1s. 6d.; D. Corbett, 9d.; "Middlewich," 2s.; "Hugo," 6d.; M. S., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. A. G., 8d.; "Brown Edge," 1s.; D. E. (Llanelly), 1s. 6d.; "Unemployed," 6d.; M. Nisbett, 1s.; "Thankful," 9d.; "Believer," 1s. 3d.; A. B. W., 1s. 6d.; Bill, 1s. 2d.; R. Troward, 1s. 3d.; B. M., 2s.; W. Clapshaw, 2s. 6d.; "Mother's Mite," 9d.; "Pensionless Widow," 1s. 6d.; L. Z., 9d.; "Brummagem Button," 2s. 9d.; "Josephine," 1s. 3d.; "A. Ninth," 2s. 6d.; E. H. W., 3s.; "S. W.'s Muser," 7d.; "Mynisth," 1s.; A. C., 2d.; "Nathanael," 6½d.; "Jambhi," 7d.; W. L., 7d.; "Bromick," 1s. 6d.; "Tut," 6d.; "Burnley," 2s. 6d.; "To a Friend from a Friend," 1s.; "Unemployed," 3d.; J. Livesey, 1s.; O. T., 1s.; "Widow O.," 3s. 6d.; "Widower's Ninth," 2s. 9½d.; "1921," 3d.; "Fareham," 6d.; "Bob's Ninth," 1s.; "Argo," 10½d.; "Unlucky," 9d.; "Ninth" (Dover), 2½d.; "Luck," 10d.; "Best Seller," 5d.; "Forest Gate," 2s. 3d.; "Bromsbridge," 7½d.; R. R. J., 10s.; D. B. 3602, 4s. 1d.; "Desperate," 1s. 3d.; "Sutton-in-Ashfield," 1s. 3d.; R. D. and F. A. T., 1s.; H. C. Smith, parcel; "Fluss" (Brighton), 2s. 6d.; "Widow" (Worthing), 7d.; "Gosford," 1s.; D. I. T., 2½d.; "An Old Age Pensioner," 3d.; R. K., 1s. 2d.; J. A. Connolly, 10½d.; "Good Luck," 1s. 1½d.; A. E. Bellis, 4½; "Greatest of These Ninth," 7d.; "Desperadoes," 6d.; "Magic Ninth," 4½d.; "Target 477," 6d.; "A Ninth," 9d.; "Hopeful," 10d.; "Clevedon," 2s. 3d.; E. B., 2s. 6d.; A. G. T., 1s. 1½d.; J. Mitchell, 1s.; "Southampton," 2s.; "Hopeful Ninth," 1s. 8d.; "Stewart," 2s. 6d.; "Wisest," 1s. 1½d.; "Nagland Ninth," 1s. 2d.; A. Ball, 1s. 3d.; "Nell's Ninth," 6d.; "Success," 1s. 4½d.; "Unsuccessful Bulleteer," 1s. 1d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Serious Nerve Trouble

Remarkable statement by Southend Lady, unable to walk, and practically helpless owing to spinal nerve trouble.

TAKE TWO AT BEDTIME and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nerves	Anæmia
Breakdown	Palpitation
Health	Kidney
Indigestion	Weakness
Sleeplessness	Children's
Neuralgia	Weakness
Nerve Pains	Wasting
Headache	

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Mrs. Foster's Signed Statement:

In an unsolicited letter, Mrs. A. Foster, of 1, Wickgate Cottage, Southchurch, Southend, says:—"I am very glad I took Dr. Cassell's Tablets, for I have recovered from a long illness, and am now able to do my work as well as ever. An illness which I had seven years ago left me with spinal nerve trouble. I could not walk without help, and was taken about in a bath chair. I was soon able to get about alone after commencing with Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and now am as well as ever, and can do other people's work as well as my own. People marvel to see me walking about."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices 1/3 and 3/-
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

100 Prize-winners of 8!

(Continued from page 27.)

St. James' Rd., Sutton; A. C. Rich, 9, Dalgaires Rd., Guernsey; Miss K. Robinson, 29, King's Rd., Bexley; Pte., Mc.; Gunner T. Royle, Royal Artillery Band, Woolwich, S.E.; A. E. Sawyer, 53, Alfarthing Lane, Wandsworth, S.W.; J. Hall Scratton, 63, Norway St., Seedley, Man.; H. E. Skillern, 36, Boundary Lordship Lane, Tottenham, N.; R. Smith, 15, Bushnell Rd., Balham, S.W.; F. Smith, 27, Salisbury Rd., Exeter; H. E. Smith, 10, Wimbourne St., Radford, Notts.; Miss M. C. Smith, 7, Antrim Mansions, Haverstock Hill, N.W.; W. A. Smith, 104, Kingsland Cres., Barry Dock, Glam.; H. Spencer, 7, Gamel Mount, Dewsbury Rd., Leeds.; W. Spencer, Main St., Bingley, Yorks.; F. Thornton, 9, Southern Rd., Southport; E. Tomlinson, 22, Church Rd., Stanton, Nr. Chesterfield; Mrs. A. Treglgas, 67, East St., Stonehouse, Plymouth; W. S. Walker, 2, Hicks Terr., Edentown, Carlisle; S. H. Welch, 16, Gregory Av., Breightmet, Bolton; Mrs. E. M. Whitmore, Oak House, Monk's Eleigh, Ipswich; H. Wick, c.o. Bank Legion, 13, Rue de Berger, Brussels-Ixelles; W. Wilkinson, 46, Biddlestone Rd., Holloway, N.; A. Williamson, 67, Salisbury St., Hull; A. C. Wilson, 11, Beech Walk, Crayford, Kent; S. J. Wright, 3, Killiesar Av., Streatham Hill, S.W.; P. Young, 13, High St., Brentford, W.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 492.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

Mr. JOHN S. MACNAB,
3, Valleyfield Street, Edinburgh.

Example:—SUNDAY GAMES
Bullet:—AND "PRAY"—WHY NOT?

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

REV. ROBERT E. GAYE,
Clayton Rectory, Cranston Abbot, Norwich.

Example:—IN THE SWIM
Bullet:—"AFTER" PULLING THINGS OFF."
(Sent in on "Target" prize coupon).

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mrs. H. G. CLAYTON,
Breezy Hill, West Street, Chorley, Lancs.

Example:—A MENACE
Bullet:—BEHEADED ONCE—KNIGHTED NOW.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

J. BURTON, 27, Hill Street, Ipswich: HOT SPELL—WHEN THE "COUNTRY CALLS."
W. J. SPRINTALL, 23, Arthur St., West Hartlepool: WHAT FRANCE EXPECTS—PETROL TO EXTINGUISH FIRE.
(Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon).
W. J. H. WEEKES, Cefn Brae, Cefn, near Merthyr: SENSELESS—POVERTY SEEN THROUGH LORGNETTE.
H. H. SYKES, 42, New Street, Barnsley: HOT SPELL—BUT BALDWIN'S "KEEPING COOL."
T. HOPE, 38, Clayton Str. & Jarrow-on-Tyne: NOT NOTICED—WHEN TEETOTALLER DIES YOUNG.
H. GUEST, 7, Somerset Street, Taibach, Port Talbot, S. Wales: OUR WAY—"GIVE ROPE"—TUG OCCASIONALLY.
C. CAMERON, High Street, Holywood, Co. Down: REPARATIONS—LABOUR WARS—WHO PAYS?
W. FARRAR, Chapelthorpe, near Wakefield, Yorks: GOOD AS GOLD—NIGGERS ONCE THOUGHT READS.
A. SEGON, 19, Nelson Street, Norwich: TAKEN FOR GRANTED—CONSTITUENTS APPROVE CROSSING FLOOR.
F. F. TATHAM, 103, Queen's Road, West Croydon: SENSELESS—SAVING SECONDS—RISKING LIFE.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

W. N. PEARCE, 81, Antill Road, Bow, London, E.3.: NOT NOTICED—DISABILITY, IF LIMBS INTACT.
Miss JANE HUGHES, 144, Morley St., St. Helens, Lancs.: NOT SO SLOW—FROM STATION TO BEACH.
Mrs. F. WOOLSTON, 14, Cripley Road, Oxford: TAKEN FOR GRANTED—BUYING MOTOR INCLUDES ROADS.
(Sent in on "Target" Prize coupon).
J. T. CLEMENTS, 47, Grosvenor Terrace, Lewisham, S.E.5: A MENACE—MUSEUM OFFICIALS IMAGINE UMBRELLAS.
H. WALLIKER, 113, Dock Street, Newport, Mon.: WISE CHOICE CURTAILED HONEYMOON—MORE FURNITURE.
W. H. LIDDIARD, Brightworth, Wantage, Berks: NOT NOTICED—UNTIL SUCCESSFUL—NAPOLEONIC PROFILE.
Mrs. KATE SEALEY, 18, Benson Street, Cambridge: EASY—FROM LAGGARD TO LAG.
P. HARGREAVES, 17, Osborne Road, West Road, Leicester: MAKING LOVE—OUTLAST ROMANCE, OFTEN DIFFICULT.
F. W. ANDREWS, 7, Dunraven Avenue, Salfords, Horley, Surrey: NOT SO SLOW—HAWKING "NO HAWKERS" PLATES.
Mrs. J. RICE, 146, Eaves Lane, Chorley, Lancs.: NOT SO SLOW—SUNDAYS—JUST AS RIGHTFUL.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

M. J. Alford, 113, Sankey St., Warrington; C. Anderson, 21, Thornville Cres., Bradenell Rd., Leeds; H. Beckley, 261, Neville Rd., Forest Gate; D. Benbow, 7, Chalfont Rd., South Norwood; E. J. Bennett, 28, Castle Rd., New Brighton; Miss D. A. Berry, 53, Victoria Rd., Scarborough; A. V. Bias, c.o. 8, Belgrave Rd., Cambridge; H. Block, 36a, Exeter St., Brighton; A. W. Bradgate, 25, The Gardens, East Dulwich; Mrs. A. Brining, 23, Marshall St., Crossgates, Leeds; Miss E. Brooks, 194, Tong Moor Rd., Bolton; P. Brownlee, 46, Torphichen St., Edinburgh; E. T. Bullock, 14, Agnes St., Silvertown, E.; Miss L. Carey, c.o. Mrs. Yeo, Penventinne Cott., Fowey; S. J. Charlton, St. Catherine's Lighthouse, Niton, I.O.W.; R. C. Cole, 7, Liddon Rd., Bromley, Kent; R. Conway, 15, Pitmaroll Rd., Finsbury Park, N.; S. B. Cook, 15, Hillside Rd., Stamford Hill, N.; F. A. Cook, Kinson Rd., East Howe, Bournemouth; Mrs. L. Crick, 112, Brownlow Rd., New Southgate, London; P. Cummines, 3, Jubilee Av., Broad Green, Liverpool; T. D. Davies, 25, Pemberton Av., Burry Port, S. Wales; R. Davis, 7, Wellington St., Aldershot; Mrs. L. A. Day, 77, West Banks, Stanford; F. Dickenson, 98, Avenue, Leigh, Lancs.; Miss E. Dickson, 171, Albert Rd., Widnes; Miss L. Duck, 4, Mortimer St., Trowbridge; P. Egerton, 27, Lawson St., Stillington, Co. Durham; H. Evans, 6, Aisburtt Av., St. George's Rd., Hull; W. Eveleigh, 9, St. Newport St., W.C.; Miss A. Farrer (Drapery Stores), Cannonside, Barnsley; D. Dudley-Fletcher, 30, Nelson St., C.-on-M., Manchester; C. F. George, 48, Kingsley St., South, Cardiff; G. H. Glover, 27, Brunswick Rd., Pudsey, Nr. Leeds; A. Gray, 23, Industry Rd., Darnall, Sheffield; Mrs. M. Greenhalgh, 14, Delamere Rd., Ainsdale, Southport; E. Greenwood, 6, Sunny Bank, Woodbottom, Baildon, Yorks.; Miss R. Gurnsey, Percy Villa, Station Rd., Herne Bay; W. Harling, c.o. 314, Garscube Rd., Glasgow; Miss M. Hawkins, 181, Entwisle Rd., Rochdale; Miss A. Herbert, Sunny Bank, Mountain Ash; A. Howard, 321, Cannon St., Middlesbrough; G. W. Heward, 102, Regent St., Cambridge; Miss H. Higgs, c.o. 17, Sheffield Rd., South Anston, Sheffield; H. Hobbs, 47, Fairlawn Mans., New Cross, S.E.; G. E. Hodges, 7, Percy Av., Whitley Bay; O. Hodgkiss, 168, Heathfield Rd., Handsworth, Birm.;

(Continued in next Column.)

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 496.

OUR WEAKNESS
THE HARVEST
UP TO LONDON
REIGN OF TERROR
FORBIDDING
ATTACKING BRITAIN
IN THE SHADE
SEAMY SIDE
HALF THE BATTLE
SUCCESS
IN HER EYES
TOO LATE
A SHOWER
CRITICAL HOUR
IRONY OF FATE
IN WRONG HANDS
SCATTERED
NEARER HOME
DROPPING A HINT
MAN WHO PAYS
NATURALLY
AFTER A LITTLE
ONE OR TWO
FADING AWAY
AN ACCIDENT
JUST AS GOOD
PAYING HOLIDAY
ABOUT TIME
FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS
AT LARGE
ON THE JURY
SOMETHING NEW
MY JOB
GETTING RECKLESS
A REMEDY
NOTHING TO DO
FINDING FRIENDS
WHISTLING
LOSING LOVE
NOBODY'S FAULT

(Continued from previous column.)

E. Holte, 23, Clarendon Rd., Dover; Miss L. Houston, 58, Cranston St., Glasgow; S. G. Howson, 181, High St., Uxbridge; C. Hubbard, 100, Putney Bridge Rd., S.W.; A. J. Hull, Queen's Hotel (staff) Birmingham; Mrs. F. Hunstill, 29, Cronkbourne Village, Douglas, I.O.M.; A. Huntington, Wheelock, Sandbach, Cheshire; H. Ilse, c.o. 2, Rose Towers, Wick Rd., St. Anne's Pk., Bristol; C. H. Ingram, 24, Hornsey Rd., Anfield, Liverpool; W. Jordan, 79, Victoria Av., Newport, Mon.; W. Kershaw, 125, Lees Rd., Oldham; J. Kinnear, 4, Ashley Rd., Alloa; Miss O. Locker, 145a, Sutherland Av., Maida Vale, W.; W. S. Lord, 2, Back Queen St., West Vale, Nr. Halifax; G. E. Macfarlane, 17, Hyde Av., West Kirby; Mrs. McGill, 35, Gladstone St., Birkenhead; E. J. Mudd, 88, Campbell St., Anlaby Rd., Hull; B. Markwell, 4b, Bond St., Newmarket; H. R. Matthews, 194, Stanford Av., Brighton; G. Middley, 38, Bedford St., Moss Side, M/c.; E. T. Miller, 84, King St., Southsea; C. E. Moon, Congresbury, Nr. Bristol; Mrs. A. Nash, 60, Princess Rd., Kilburn, N.W.; Mrs. Oliver, St. Kilda Nursing Home, London Rd., Newbury; Mrs. J. Ord, 5, West View, Ashington, Northumberland; S. E. Perry, Branscott, St. Austell, Cornwall; W. Ray 13, Glover St., Crewe; P. M. Reynolds, "Denver."

(Continued on opposite page.)

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS. Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—A MOCKERY *Bullet*:—HOUSELESS BRICKLAYER DRAWING DOLE. *Example*:—SURE THING *Bullet*:—"WINDFALL" SAVES "CLIMBING TREE." *Example*:—YOUNG MAN'S FANCY *Bullet*:—IF PRINCE WEARS IT. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 492, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 6.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(492) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 6.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(492) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 6.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(492) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 6.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(492) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 492.

EUROPE'S PLIGHT—SEEING DAYLIGHT—SARDINES—QUITE A CHANGE—GOOD BOOKS—SOFT JOB—HER HUSBAND—SOCIALISM—EXPECTING A LOT—ONE DAY—A DAMPER—ON HER SHOULDERS—MOTHER'S DARLING—DRIVING HOME—INTOXICATED—OLD FOOL—BROKEN DOWN—COLLECTING—AT THE WHEEL—COST OF LIVING.

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, SEPT. 13. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 492 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 492, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Forty Examples for Competition No. 492.

List of Five-Guinea Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 492 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Ruptured?——

Throw Away Your Truss!

For Many Years We Have Been Telling You That No Truss Will Ever Help You. We Have Told You That the Only Truly Comfortable and Scientific Device for Holding Rupture is the BROOKS RUPTURE APPLIANCE, and That It Is

Sent on Trial to Prove It.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send the attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing our appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as our hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill in the free coupon below and post it to-day. It is well worth your time whether you try our Appliance or not.

"Suffered for 60 Years."

Glencoe Park, Dundee Road,
By Forfar.

Now I can testify that Mr. Brooks' Rupture Appliance has cured me within twelve months—I was bad for sixty years—and I would recommend everyone that has to wear a truss to go to Brooks' Appliance Co. You are quite at liberty to use my words.

Yours faithfully,
WM. H. MANN.

"The Perfect Cure."

Lisomadawn, Mohill, Gorraugh,
Co. Leitrim, Ireland.

Dear Sirs,—I cannot find words good enough to thank you for the perfect cure your Rupture Appliance has done in my case. I shall be delighted to recommend to any friend as a perfect cure.—Yours truly,

EDWARD REYNOLDS.

"Quite Cured—Now a big, bonny boy."

High Street, Bildeston, Suffolk.

I beg to state that the Appliance I had for my little nephew has proved a great success; in fact, we believe he is quite cured. Since wearing the Appliance the rupture has never shown any sign of coming down. He was just a year old when we first put it on him; he is now 2½ years. We have left the Appliance off for days at a time, but he still keeps all right. I shall always recommend your Appliance. It has proved such a blessing.—Yours faithfully,

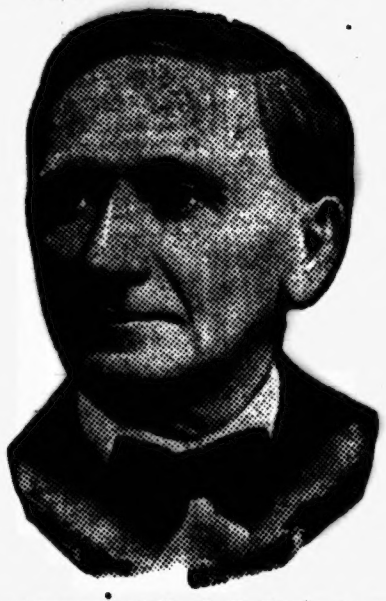
L. M. COOPER.

"Have Found Great Relief."

1, Ash Grove, Greek Street,
Hawthorn Ave., Hull, Yorks.

The Appliance you sent to me has been very satisfactory. I have found great relief from wearing it. You are at liberty to make use of this testimonial.—Yours faithfully.

E. P. DALTON.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

"Cured—I am more than thankful."

Vine Cott., Sawston, nr. Cambridge.

It is the first time in my life that I have ever given anyone a testimonial, although the benefit I have received from wearing your Appliance compels me to do so. I can say that the Appliance does all that you claim for it. What brought on my hernia was a nasty hacking cough. I suffered an immense lot of pain until one day I saw your advertisement in the *Christian World*.

Since I purchased one I am more than thankful I did it. It has been a blessing to me, for my hernia has all disappeared, and I can do my work with pleasure, and do not feel any ill-effects from coughing, which used to cause me much pain. In fact, I could dispense with the Appliance altogether, but for the fact it is so light and comfortable to wear.

I can recommend it to anyone who is afflicted with that unwelcome complaint. You are at liberty to use this letter as you please.—Yours faithfully,

F. WEBB.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send for the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market to-day, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.

5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and our prices are so reasonable, our terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon to-day.

REMEMBER,

We send the Appliance on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day.

If in London, call at our consulting rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies and gentlemen.

Free Information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (1763T), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(Please write plainly) .....

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